



WHERE DEMENTED WENT

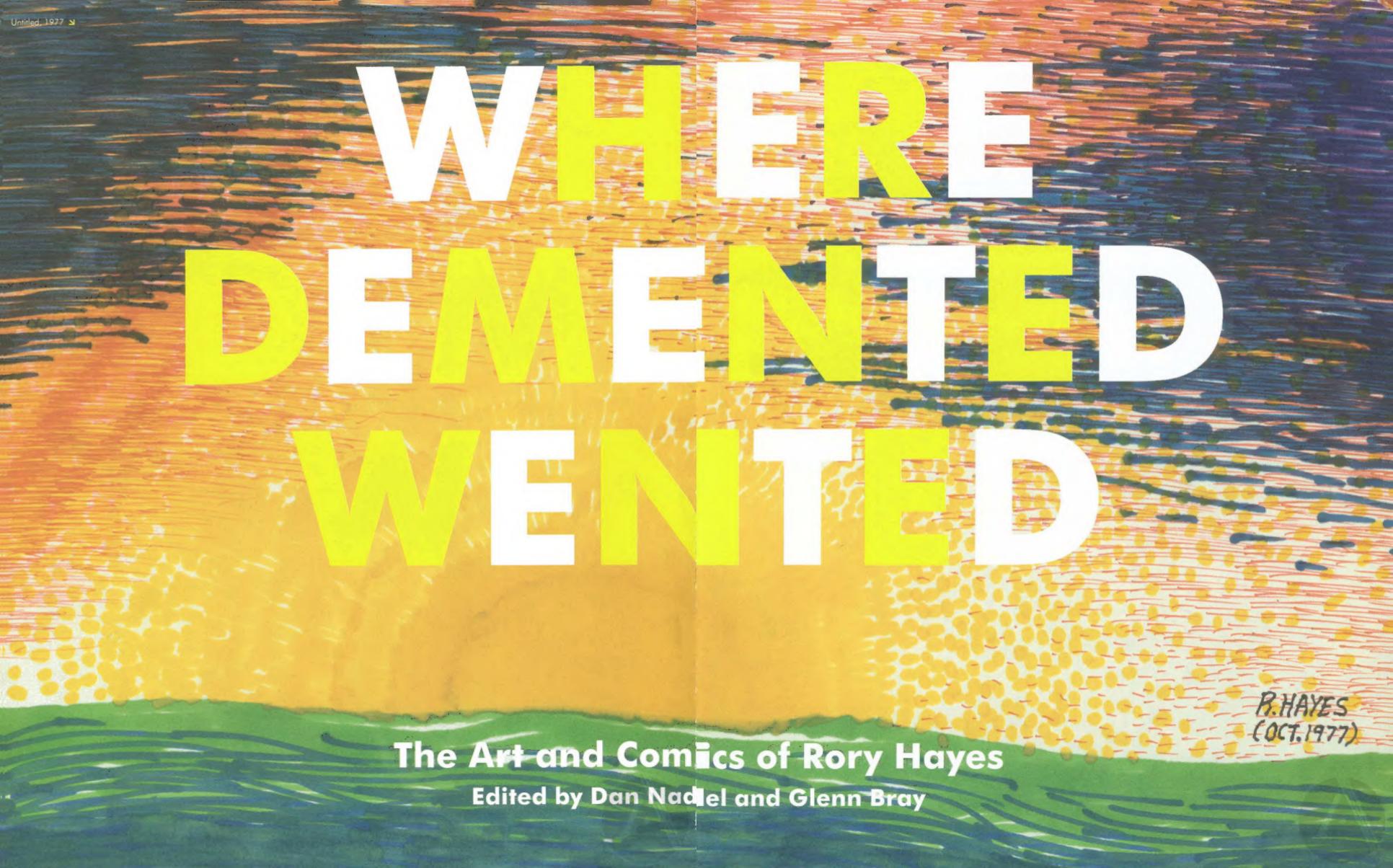
The Art and Comics of Rory Hayes

Edited by Dan Nadel and Glenn Bray

R. HAYNES



for
Clay
Wilson
from
R. HAYES
(R. HATE)
(R. HINT)



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DEMENTED
WENT

The Art and Comics of Rory Hayes

Edited by Dan Nadel and Glenn Bray

R. HAYES
(OCT. 1977)



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"The Black Eyed Boogie Woogie Will Knife Ya Tonight!"

The Underground Art Of Rory Hayes by Edwin Pouncey

"Everybody hates Rory Hayes, but I really dig him. He's a great American primitive. Sorta like James Ensor."

— Robert Crumb

Robert Crumb comparing the equally unsettling work of Belgian painter James Ensor to that of his fellow underground cartoonist neatly sums up the agony and the ecstasy that spiraled through the work of Rory Hayes, an artist who is still regarded as one of the most controversial of the '60s underground comics school, and whose work was both adored and reviled during his tragically short career. His crudely crafted amphetamine-driven visions of murderous teddy bears, crazed drunken hags, violent and bloody castration scenes and other fearful images all seem as if a series of graphic nightmares were being spewed out of a very damaged brain. To those who thought they were flipping the bird at the system by wearing a bootleg "Keep On Truckin'" T-shirt while sniggering at the latest misadventures of Fat Freddy's Cat, Hayes's ultraviolent cartoon world of depraved psychedelic demons and bad drug delirium came as a nasty wake-up call. To his contemporaries, however, Hayes's unique drawing style and naive approach

to the genre was providing the comics scene with the much needed transfusion of new blood it had been pleading for. "Hayes's attitude is probably the most pure of anybody that's doing comics now," Crumb explained to *Organ* magazine editor Gerard van der Leun. "It just comes straight out of him. He doesn't know how to be artistic or how to be clever. He is completely, perfectly blunt. And the aesthetics of his work are perfect."

This creative purity in Hayes's art that Crumb speaks of never left him and, although his style developed over the years, the same sense of demented individualism which repulsed his critics and attracted his fans continues to either confound or astound all who come into contact with his work today — the mark of a true original.

The story of Rory Bruce Hayes begins in San Monica where he was born on August 8, 1949. While Rory was still an infant the Hayes family decided to move to San Francisco where they eventually put down their roots. It was during this transitional period in their lives that both Rory and his brother Geoffrey, who was eighteen months older than him, discovered their shared passion for drawing.

"Actually we started drawing before we could even write," remembers Geoffrey. "We would make little wordless books for one another. It was a mutual thing, I don't know where it came from but we both did it simultane-

1. Gerard van der Leun, "The Unreal History Of Snatch Comics": *The Organ* Vol 1 #2, 1970.



ously. We sparked off from one another."

The early wordless books they created together gradually developed into a fictional newspaper called *The Pike Times* which was filled with stories based on the adventures and exploits of their dolls and stuffed toys, the main character being a teddy bear called Patrick Pooh that was partly inspired by A.A. Milne's famous creation.

"As far as I can remember, the first strip I ever drew was called 'Dick Pooh Versus Ducky Doodle,'" Rory told art collector Alfred Bergdoll in 1979. "I was about 10 years old when I did it. Most of my characters were based on our stuffed animals. We developed personalities for them as time went on."²

It would be this "Pooh" bear character, however, who would later have its personality split in two. A yin and yang transformation that produced Patrick the gentle hero of Geoffrey's best selling children's books and Pooh Rass the terrible teddy that stalked through the pages of Rory's

hallucinogenic comic strips.

"Rory's Pooh was totally different from Patrick, who had always been a childlike character," insists Geoffrey. "The Pooh that Rory used in his underground comics really wasn't the same, he just took the name. Since we always drew bears a lot, he basically used his Pooh character extensively in his early work because it was easy for him to draw. Certainly Rory had not had a lot of formal art training and I think he was initially uncomfortable about drawing humans, even though he would later incorporate human figures in his work."

Although neither of the Hayes parents were professional artists — "our mother would draw pictures for us, and I had heard that when my father was young he sketched and drew, but I never saw any of his artwork" — they nevertheless encouraged their sons to continue being creative, without becoming too involved themselves. "He had a very tolerant family," remembers publisher and "antiquarian bookseller" Don Donahue. "The father was an extremely quiet person, a very stolid working class man with not much to say. His mother was a squat, red-haired woman who was very gregarious and up for any kind of fun."

As well as producing comics and artwork for each other Rory and Geoffrey would later begin to make home movies together where their collection of dolls, and occasionally their parents and selected friends, played the various roles. The majority of these short films were inspired by the thrillers, horror, and science fiction B-movies they saw at the local cinema.

"Rory and I had always been movie buffs and when we were teenagers we started to make our own eight-millimeter movies," concurs Geoffrey. "We didn't put a lot of preparation into them, they were mostly improvised. I remember a couple of times where Rory wrote a script, but usually we would just make them up as we went along. Rory would have an idea and we would make it together."

"Our most ambitious one was a two-reeler with subtitles and a very involved plot," Rory revealed to David Scroggy in 1980. "I made another one with my family called *Blood Grave*. It was about an escaped killer from an insane asylum played by me. He goes back to the family and kills them all because they are the ones who had him locked up. My family played the victims."³ When Hayes later screened these films for his new found friends in the underground comics movement, *Blood Grave* became known as "the one where he kills his mother."

"It was comparable to something by the Kuchar Brothers," recalls Donahue. "A take-off on horror and snuff movies except he used his parents. There was a body in a bath tub and blood all over the place. Rory, of course, played the

2. Alfred Bergdoll, interview with Rory Hayes: *Cascade Comics Monthly* Vol 1 #17, July 1979.

3. David Scroggy, *The Portfolio Of Underground Art*: Schanes & Schanes, 1980.

part of the mad axe murderer, which contributed to the reputation that he didn't deserve in real life."

If Rory is to be believed, the Hayes brothers made an astonishing 150 of these films, the majority of which were accidentally destroyed or lost (Geoff says the figure was closer to 40 but that's still a large output). Their interest in filmmaking was extended to the production of a home-made magazine on the subject where different styles of filmmaking were discussed together with reviews of current films they had seen. Underground cartoonist and friend Kim Deitch also remembers seeing a stack of what he presumes were soundtrack recordings for Hayes's movies in a back room at Gary Arlington's San Francisco Comic Book Company where Rory's possessions were being stored. "They were recorded on one of those Record Your Own Voice booths where you put in thirty-five cents

and make a record," he reveals. "They don't play very well, and they don't have a long life when you play them a lot, but there had obviously been some comprehensive soundtrack making done."

Alternatively, fellow undergrounder Bill Griffith remembers that, rather than a recorded dialogue, "Rory himself provided the live soundtrack, doing all the voices. But he'd lose the 'narrator's' voice once in a while, saying things like, 'Now the killer approaches her... he raises his arm... and I plunge the knife into her heart!'"⁴

Meanwhile Geoffrey was realizing his high school ambition to become an author and illustrator of children's books, the first of which, entitled *Bear by Himself*, was inspired by one of Rory's early Pooh drawings.

4. Glenn Bray email interview with Bill Griffith.





R. NAYES

THE BOGEYMAN

"He provided the title for *Bear by Himself*, which was my first published book. It was based on a sketch that Rory had done called *Bear by Himself*, which was just a bear sitting on a hill in the rain. I liked the title and the idea so I expanded it into a book." When Geoffrey moved to New York in the late '60s in order to follow his chosen career he was visited by Rory, who stayed for 18 months before returning to San Francisco where his own artistic destiny would be waiting for him.

"When he went back to San Francisco he met Gary Arlington, who had a comic book store. Gary saw some of Rory's work and agreed to help him publish it as an underground comic. Then Rory got to meet the various artists and started doing his own underground comics. I don't think Rory was ever trying to get into underground comics, that was not a goal of his, it was more like something he fell into."

In April 1968 Gary Arlington opened up his San Francisco Comic Book Company at 3339 23rd Street. His tiny store would subsequently become a meeting place for the underground comics movement, where new work could be displayed and fresh ideas for future comics hatched. News of Arlington's store soon spread, convincing comics artists from all over the country to make the pilgrimage to the Mission district of San Francisco. Some, like New York based artist and illustrator Kim Deitch and his partner Trina, decided to stay.

"I was so fired up that I immediately thought that I would go back to New York City, take care of my obligations and move out there, which is exactly what we did," declares Deitch. "We moved back properly to San Francisco in late November on a lazy car ride with Gilbert Shelton and his girlfriend."

On his first visit to Arlington's comic book store, though, Deitch had struck up a conversation with the gangly youth who was behind the cash register. This, he would later discover, was Rory Hayes

"I'd heard of Hayes, because on an earlier trip Trina had brought back the original *Bogeyman Comics* #1 and I'd read that," he explains. "Even at that time I couldn't see that much in Rory's work. I'd heard that there was this exciting primitive that was only 19 years old, had never been laid and was sort of a protégé of Robert Crumb. So that brought something to my imagination which the reality of seeing his first work could never have competed with."

After making contact with Arlington and Hayes on that first trip, Deitch returned to New York feeling that some sort of friendship had been established between them, and that Rory could think of him as a contact should he wish to push his art career further. Within weeks he received a package of original art from Hayes for his consideration.

"I actually got the *Bogeyman* page placed on the cover

of the East Village Other not long after that, which Rory considered to be a mega break," recalls Deitch. "I was a little astonished too, because I didn't really have that much influence, it was just dumb luck that I happened to pull it out at the right moment when the art director needed something."

This cosmic-eyed, snaggle-toothed Bogeyman was the same character that Deitch had already seen in the pages of Hayes's underground comics debut *Bogeyman Comics*, published by store boss Gary Arlington in an edition of 5,000 copies in 1969. The idea to do *Bogeyman Comics* was principally Arlington's. Hayes had passed his store one day and was drawn in by the display of EC comics titles in the window. Both discovered that they shared a love for pre-code horror comics, and before long Rory had been offered a job to work in the store. Here he wallowed in an atmosphere that was perfumed with the aroma of decaying newsprint — a magical comics-strewn Valhalla where he was bombarded by millions of different images every day. While he stood behind his lowly cash register, Rory's brain was slowly filling up with scenes of mad scientists, giant talking skulls, melting flesh, and homicidal teddy bears,



Unified sketchbook page, c. 1969-1970

all of which would eventually explode in crude slashes of inked lines onto the pages of the first issue of *Bogeyman Comics*.

"*Bogeyman* was the first time I had ever used pen and ink," admitted Rory in 1979, "and it took me three-and-a-half to four months to complete. The stories I just made up as I drew them. I loved horror comics at the time and still do."

Hayes collector Glenn Bray recalls the time he walked into Arlington's store one day in 1969 and was presented with a promo copy of the newly published *Bogeyman Comics* #1. "My first reaction to the *Bogeyman* comic was that it was childlike and possibly some sort of joke. But Gary pressured me to read it, as it was in the 'EC vein,' and he knew I was a fan of the line.

"I'm not sure if it was the first Hayes work I ever saw, but as I looked at it — and it *did* take a little time — I was struck by how passionate, committed, and *real* it all was, in a primitive way."

Although Hayes was responsible for the artwork and stories in the comic, it was also Arlington's editorship and vision that made *Bogeyman* stand out from the rest of the underground comics titles that had been published that year.

"The thing that got me from that first comic book more than anything else was Gary Arlington's manifesto at the

end," enthuses Kim Deitch. "Where he's talking about his mania for EC and how they were going to build something better than EC today, and all this was going to be happening in his store."

Bogeyman Comics proved to be a hit with Rory's contemporaries, but only a handful of the comics-buying public and critics embraced it as the warped masterpiece it was. The majority considered it too crude, too ugly, and too violent to be taken seriously. It seemed almost as though Hayes and Arlington's creation was getting a hostile reception similar to the one their beloved EC comics line suffered at the hands of the censorious Doctor Fredric Wertham in the '50s.

Suzanne Williams remembers a *Zap* trip to San Francisco in 1969 with her partner Robert Williams where fellow *Zap* contributor S. Clay Wilson (an early admirer of Hayes) showed her some examples of his artwork.

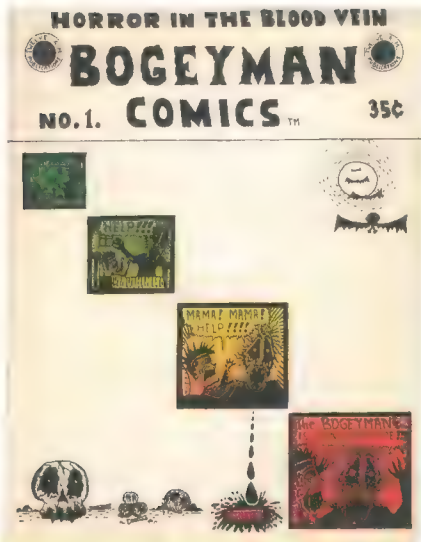
"Rory's stuff was pretty bold and singular," describes Suzanne. "It was violent. I don't really like funny animal comics, but his had them doing these really evil and nasty deeds. A lot of the panels would have a big teddy bear doing some simple thing, and then the other panels would become more involved. It was more psychotic than drug oriented... or personal like a lot of the comics were at the time."

While the *Zap* guys were busily looking at and discussing comic books in Arlington's store, Suzanne managed to talk to Hayes who was, as usual, standing guard behind the cash register with a far-away look. "He was real milky white and had, as I recall, these big blue eyes. He was kinda wall-eyed so you never knew if he was looking at you or not. You had to kind of catch him on the side to see if he was with you or not when you were talking to him. I just pursued a conversation with him by making small talk about the weather and the usual bullshit. Then I started talking to him about his art, and I'm sure he said at one point 'I do the art because I do the art.' I remember him also saying, 'This is a part of my nightmares.' It seemed like he was trying to tell me that this was what was in his head and this was what he was trying to put down. It didn't sound as though his art was about freeing him of anything, or sharing any personal experience."

Robert Williams has an equally vivid memory of when he first encountered Hayes at Arlington's store.

"He was a textbook example of someone who would just get bottled up, read comic books, and not deal with the real world," drawls Williams. "Every time I saw him I'd go up and say hi to him and then he would meekly say hi back, or something. He wouldn't look me in the eye, so to pay him respect I just left him alone. I wouldn't work on him for information. Wilson, Spain, and me were terrifying to him, he found just our presence to be inhibiting and intimidating."

Apart from his inherent shyness, the reason that Hayes



was so in awe of the *Zap* artists was because he secretly yearned to be a part of their art gang. Although Hayes would later (unfairly) accuse him of being bereft of ideas, it was, according to Williams, the psychotic, demon-infested pirate and biker art of S. Clay Wilson which made it possible for Rory to earn his wings and become an official member of the rebellious underground comics chapter.

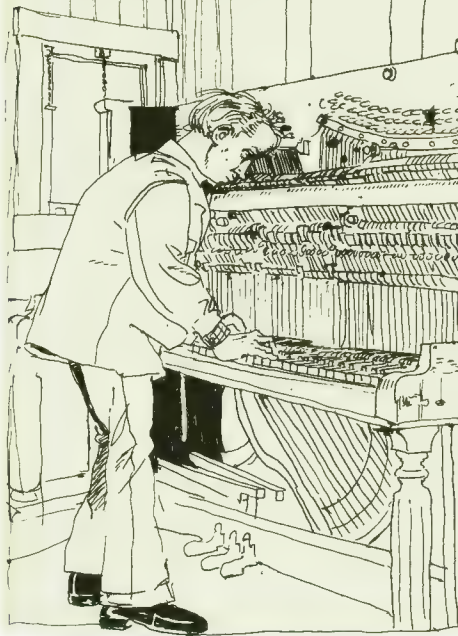
"S. Clay Wilson brought to the table a real psychosis that everyone emulated," explains Williams enthusiastically. "He set the bar highest. If it was not for S. Clay Wilson Robert Crumb would still be doing happy little animals. Wilson came and put this psychotic charge into the picture.

"Rory Hayes came into the picture slightly after with a legitimate psychosis that was like almost using baby talk to communicate. He couldn't think further than the next panel. Everyone in the underground cartoonist family kind of loved him, because he was the extreme other end of capability. This is before naive art, outsider art, and punk rock art. This is like a psychotic, pathetic person who was shut in his bedroom drawing dirty pictures. Wilson opened the door for him to really be as dirty as he wanted, and he just gravitated in that direction."

There was also, however, a more positive side to Hayes's seemingly hopeless psychotic personality. According to Kim Deitch, Rory may have looked and acted somewhat strange, but he also possessed an undefeatable sunny disposition toward whatever life threw at him.

"Even when things were going absolutely rotten he'd always go, 'Oh, hi Kim. Everything's going fine. Yes, it's just great.' He was positive to a point of absurdity. One physical characteristic I started noticing, though, which became more pronounced over the years, was that one of his eyes seemed to be lightly travelling towards being really wall-eyed; as though his brain was slowly getting too big for the inside of his skull. The oddness of how he looked increased over the years that I knew him."

The unique vision that Hayes displayed in *Bogeyman Comics* was soon in demand from other underground comics creators. As a result his work appeared in the pages of such groundbreaking comics as *Bijou Funnies*, *Insect Fear*, *All Stars*, *Conspiracy Capers*, *Skull*, and the first issue of *Gary Arlington's San Francisco Comics*, for which he supplied the front and back covers. He was also being invited to jam with several key figures of the movement, the most impressive of these being rock poster artist and *Zap* contributor Rick Griffin. For their three-page jam "The Door Is Always Open" in *Bogeyman* #3 Hayes whips up a tornado of multi-eyed demons emerging from the depths of some hellish citadel. Looking on is Griffin's corporate war/death image of a cowed skeletal figure with dollar signs in its eyes, a bomb in one hand and a Vietcong baby in the other. It is an incredible piece of work which proves that Hayes's



"primitive" approach was also tempered with a certain degree of skilled draftsmanship and design.

"Griffin just had certain pieces of his that weren't going anywhere and were lying around," explains Kim Deitch when asked about the origin of the jam pages. "Rory saw them and said, 'Can I finish them?' and Rick said, 'Yeah man! Go for it baby.' So that's what those were."

Hayes's dealings with other artists weren't always as successful. Robert Williams recounts an artistic encounter with Rory, after being asked to contribute a page for an issue of *Bogeyman*, that ended up with both parties feeling somewhat bruised.

"I wanted to emotionally meet him half way," explains Williams, "so I produced, not a breezy, but an emotionally loose piece of artwork that I thought had a psychotic warmth he could understand. It would be on his level."

The resulting comic strip entitled "Horror's A Poppin'!" was duly submitted to Hayes for his approval and soon forgotten about as Williams returned to his easel.

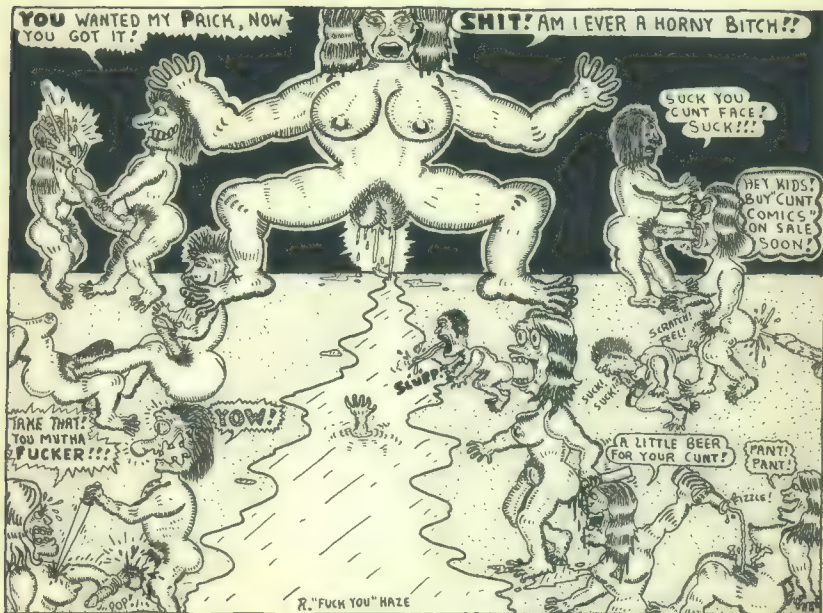
"Well, a week goes by and I get the piece of artwork back," he continues, "together with a letter from Rory saying that he was very disappointed with the piece of artwork. He felt cheated that I'd let him down by failing to present

him with an example of my fine artwork. The reason he had selected me was because he wanted me to contribute something in my fine art style. He said he was sorry, but after thinking about it he's going to have to reject this piece of artwork. When he wrote me to do that page it was a real step forward in our association... and then I apparently betrayed him something horribly."

One of the main reasons that Hayes's art was encouraged within the micro universe of the underground comics scene was because it harkened back to the pre-code golden age of comics when virtually anything was permissible. *Bogeyman* comics was not so much a spoof of the 1950s horror comics as a celebration of what they stood for. Hayes's Bogeyman creation ushered in the dark side of the comics revolution and not everybody liked what they saw. When Rory turned his attention to doing sex comics the same intense crudity and violence which had given Bogeyman its jagged razor's edge erupted in the pages of a mini-comic called *Cunt*.

The idea for *Cunt Comics* came about when Gary Arlington introduced Hayes to printer and publisher Don Donahue, whose Apex Novelty Company had been responsible for getting the entire underground comics ball rolling by printing the early issues of Robert Crumb's *Zap*. When he met Hayes Donahue was busily printing the first issue of *Snatch Comics*. This was Crumb's tribute to the first wave of undergrounds: the "Tijuana Bible" sex comics which were in secret circulation from the '30s through to the '50s. *Snatch Comics* took the basic idea of inserting hardcore sex themes into a comic book and letting the imaginations of the various artists selected run riot. It was therefore only a matter of time before Hayes would be invited to try his hand at doing a sex comic.

"I think Crumb and I got the same idea at the same time somehow," recalls Donahue. "I remember thinking that if you could coax this kid into drawing sex comics the combination of that subject matter, plus his style, would be truly amazing and extraordinary. Although, at the time, we



didn't know what would come out of it.

"I took Rory back over to Crumb's place that afternoon. Crumb showed Rory the art that Wilson had drawn for *Snatch #2* and said something to the effect that, 'If you can draw stuff like this you're in the book.' Rory was still a virgin at that time so he basically imitated Wilson's concepts and attitude in his own style. That result was Hayes's art for *Snatch #2*. Then he just kept on doing it and out of that came *Cunt Comics*."

Inside *Cunt Comics* ("The Comic Book That Fucks!!") Rory's full spectrum of cosmic horror was intensified — grotesque scenes of sexual mutation, castration, copulating witches, and menstruating succubus slaughter. In his own innocent way, Rory had unwittingly managed to make the *Snatch* artists' most depraved panels seem almost limped by comparison. For some critics Hayes's latest horror show was simply too much.

"*Cunt Comics* was the lowest," blared *Organ* magazine in an article that traced the history of *Snatch*. "It was crude, grotesque, and utterly without any socially redeeming value. It almost oozed off the presses."⁵

Perhaps, however, *Cunt Comics* really was too hot for the world to see; as the final copies came off the press, a fire broke out which destroyed the bulk of the edition and all but three of Rory's original drawings for the book.

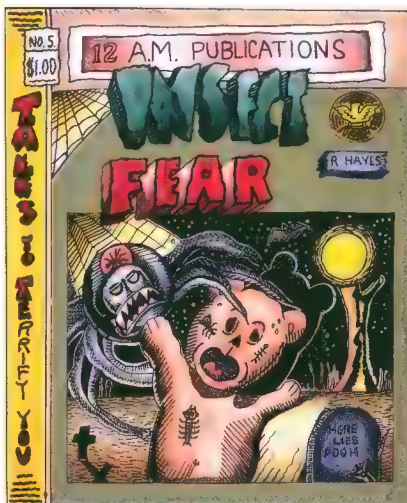
Throughout the '70s Hayes continued to contribute to underground comics, although by now he was beginning to become more reliant on exotic mixtures of hallucinogenic and pharmaceutical drugs to help him unleash the fearful phantoms that were trapped inside his skull and hammering to get out.

"In the early '70s I did a lot of drugs, speed, and acid in particular," he told Alfred Bergdoll when asked about his experiences with drugs, "and a lot of it gave me some very unique and unusual perceptions on how to draw certain things."

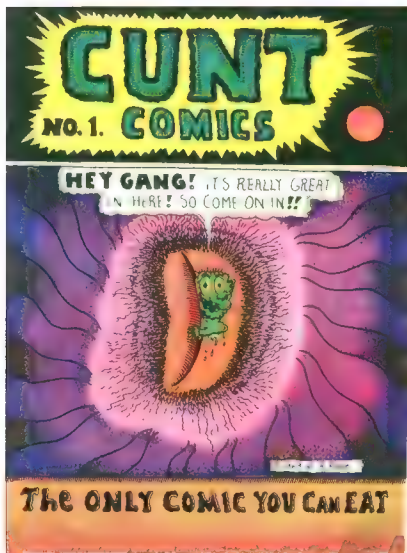
"Popoff Hayes The Drug Fiend!", which took me three years to do, is based a lot on my experiences with speed and other drugs. I consider it the most ambitious strip I ever drew."

This enormous and involved nine-pager reads like the strobing story board for an epic Hayes mind movie. The variously sized pieces of paper it is inked on suggests that he used whatever came to hand when an idea for the story entered his head. The drawing here, unlike the spidery style that crawled through *Bogeyman*, is more polished and almost rounded in comparison; although the same psychotic streak of naive genius which coursed through his earlier work remains unaltered.

5. Gerard van der Leun, "The Unreal History Of Snatch Comics": The *Organ* Vol 1 #2. 1970.



Insect Fear cover rough, c. 1973



Cunt Comics #1, 1969

"He did 'Popoff Hayes' over a long period of time," reveals Don Donahue. "He put it together as a story, it's not terribly coherent but it does function as a story. It wasn't trying to prove anything, it was just a reflection of what was going on with him at the time. I guess he did stuff after he finished the last page of that, but it was sort of mixed in with other things he was doing. He was on drugs pretty much from the word go and enjoyed speed a lot. Speed is a wonderful thing for getting stuff done and being creative. I've come to the conclusion that most of the large-scale accomplishments in the cultural history of the world were done on speed."

When mixed with his already eccentric personality, Rory's taste for speed produced some memorable episodes. Strange tales of his bizarre exploits began to circulate among his fellow artists, and soon it seemed that everybody who knew him had an anecdote to share. *Bijou Funnies* creator Jay Lynch fondly remembers the time he was asked to help fund one of Rory's many surreal schemes.

"I hung out with him on the streets one day, and he explained to me some socialist economic plan he had for the country. He was very precise, and would frequently write me for advances of 11 dollars and 50 cents. I later

found out this was the price for a hit of speed, and bus fare to and from his connection. I mean, he wouldn't ask for 10 dollars and he wouldn't ask for 15. It was always 11 dollars and 50 cents."⁶

"Popoff Hayes The Drug Fiend!" was eventually published posthumously in 1993 in *Weirdo* #12, together with a reprint of Bill Griffith's two page tribute 'The Rory Story' which was originally published in *San Francisco Comic Book* #5. "I remember Rory coming to my apartment in San Francisco around 1980, his face covered in blood," recounts Griffith. "Hi, Bill," he said, trying to look nonchalant. When I asked him if he was OK, he asked me for a glass of milk, which I gave him. But what he really wanted was seven dollars — the price of his favorite drug combo — which I also handed over. That was the day I got a good look at his notebook — the source of the Rory quotes in my two pager for *Weirdo* — which was a combination sketchbook, diary, and drug recipe book.

"Rory saw the originals for 'The Rory Story' shortly after I did them and seemed to like it, or at least liked the attention. I can't remember his exact comments, but Rory almost always spoke to people as if he were a polite schoolboy talking to a teacher. You almost expected him to call you sir."

The semi autobiographical 'Popoff Hayes The Drug Fiend!' turned out to be Rory's last great work. In the final few years of his short life he branched out in several new artistic directions (including a brief flirtation with oil painting that produced a handful of vibrant imaginary landscape paintings) and attempted to resurrect various old projects such as the first issue of *Nutsboy Comics* (for which he had already drawn a cover) and *Cunt Comics* #2, neither of which ever saw the light of day. Kim Deitch, however, does recollect that towards the end Rory was engrossed in some huge personal project.

"He suddenly started doing a book that was not going to be comics but just one-page pictures, and they were looking brilliant. They were all so clearly 'speed work.' Suddenly he was cutting them up and collaging them, he was giving away pieces, and the book never quite got finished. Of course there were a few pages that subsequently turned up here and there, but that book never got finished and that's sort of when he unraveled as an incredible artist. Around 1976 he started falling apart, and he never really stopped falling apart until he died in 1983."

Rory Hayes died in his sleep on August 29, 1983 from what the autopsy report described as "polypharmacy" (an accidental overdose of a cocktail of drugs). He was 34 years old. When the news of Rory's death broke all who had known and loved him were both shocked and saddened. By way of respect a memorial service was held for him at



6. Glenn Brody email interview with Jay Lynch.



Pleasant Hill Crematory in Sebastopol, which was attended by several of his underground cartoonist colleagues.

"I was in North Carolina working on a job and Alfred Bergdoll wrote me a card saying that Rory had died," sighs Kim Deitch at the memory. "The last time I saw him he came by to visit me, and again he was Mr. Optimism. He had some Marvel comic that had reprinted some piece of his artwork in the letters page, and he was beaming with pride about it. I don't think it was even being presented in a favorable light, but it didn't seem to matter to him."

"I always thought that he was a true innocent and he would outlive us all," adds Bill Griffith. "Sadly, I was wrong."

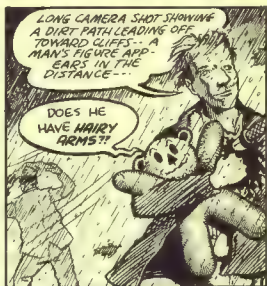
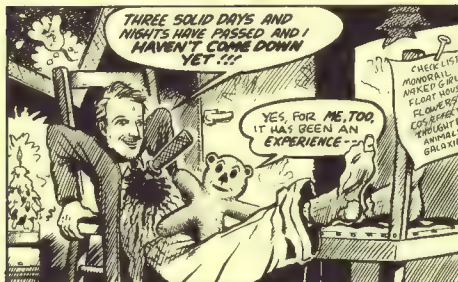
Today the influence of Rory Hayes can be seen in the work of such second generation underground comics artists as Aline Kominsky-Crumb and Mark Beyer. Don Donahue relates an early conversation he had with Beyer

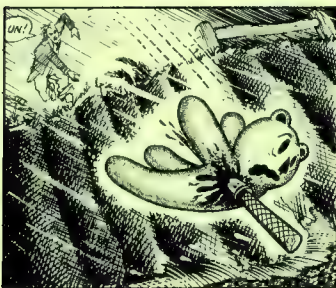
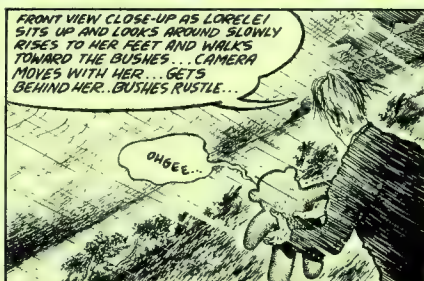
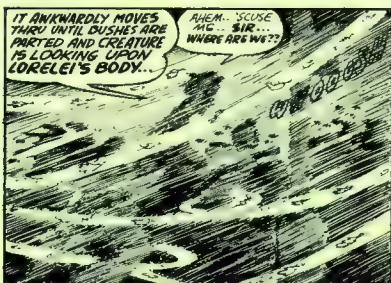
about Rory.

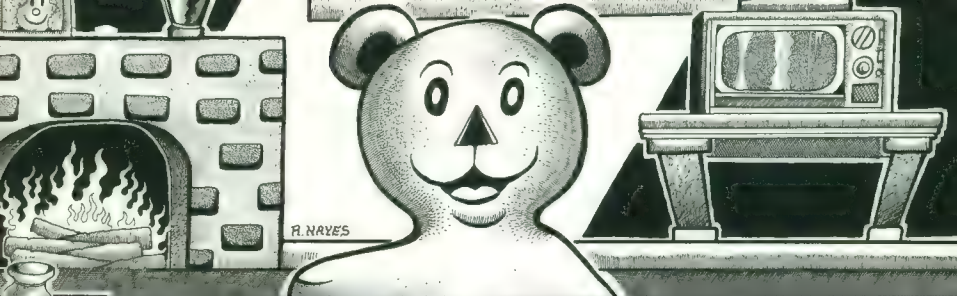
"Mark Beyer said to me one time over dinner that 'If Hayes could do this, then I could do stuff like this too'. That kinda says a lot."

In the end Rory Hayes was more than just another cartoonist scratching out a living in order to pay the rent. The work he did possessed his soul until he was finally consumed by the flashing comic cosmos that closed around and carried him away on beating wings.

"I never really thought of Rory as a 'cartoonist'," concludes Bill Griffith. "I've often thought his stuff belonged more in an art gallery than a comic book. He was more like a modern-day Henri Rousseau with a crowquill and a penchant for EC horror comics."







SELECTED RORY HAYES BIBLIOGRAPHY:

- All Stars #2 (1970):** Four pages.
- Arcade #2 (1975):** Half page.
- Arcade #4 (1975):** Half page.
- Arcade #5 (1976):** One page.
- Arcade #6 (1976):** One and a half pages.
- Arcade #7 (1976):** Half page.
- Berkeley Con Program Book (1973):** One page.
- Bijou Funnies #2 (1969):** One page.
- Bijou Funnies #3 (1969):** One page.
- Best Of Bijou Funnies (1975):** Reprints Hayes's two pages from Bijou Funnies #2 and #3.
- Bogeyman Comics #1 (1969):** All art by Hayes.
- Bogeyman Comics #2 (1969):** 14 pages by Hayes and a one-page collaboration with Rick Griffin. Also pages by Robert Crumb, S Clay Wilson and Kim Deitch. A long story by Jim Osborne. Cover and a story by Jay Lynch.
- Bogeyman Comics #3 (1970):** 15 pages by Hayes and a three-page collaboration with Rick Griffin. Also pages by Spain, Jay Lynch and Greg Irons. Cover by Jaxon.
- Coscad Comics Monthly #17 (1979):** Short but informative Hayes interview by Alfred Bergdoll, illustrated with two items of juvenilia by Rory and brother Geoffrey.
- Conspiracy Capers #1 (1969):** One page drawn by Hayes and written by Gary Arlington.
- Cunt Comics (1969):** All art by Hayes. Covers colored by Robert Crumb.
- Douglas Comics (1972):** Two-page collaboration with brother Geoffrey.
- Ebon #1 (1970):** Full page reproductions in black and white of the covers for Bogeyman #1 and San Francisco Comic Book #1.
- El Perfecto Comics (1973):** One page.
- Fits #1 (1971):** Cover (adapted from a page from Hayes's "The Wrath Of Mazor Storm" story) and one page.
- Fits #2 (1977):** One page.
- Gothic Blimp Works Ltd #3 (1969):** One tabloid page.
- Illuminations (1971):** One page solo and one page collaboration with Julie Wood.
- Insect Fear #1 (1970):** Two pages.
- Insect Fear #2 (1970):** Four pages.
- Insect Fear #3 (1972):** Four pages.
- Jix (1969):** Three pages.
- Laugh In The Dark (1971):** Five pages solo and three pages collaboration.
- Nickel Library #18 (1971):** One sheet of paper featuring a collaboration with Simon Deitch.
- Occult Laff Parade #1 (1973):** One page plus participation in a jam.
- Phucked-up Phunnies (1969):** One page.
- Pip Squeaks (1972):** Mini-size book of poetry by Scoffy with cover art by Hayes.
- Portfolio of Underground Art (1980):** Hayes supplied art for one of the plates.
- Radical American Komiks (1969):** Three pages.
- Roxy Funnies #1 (1972):** One page solo and two collaborative pages.
- San Francisco Comic Book #1 (1970):** Cover (with color by Robert Crumb).
- San Francisco Comic Book #3 (1971):** One page solo and collaboration.
- San Francisco Comic Book #4 (1973):** Two pages.
- San Francisco Comic Book #5 (1980):** First appearance of Bill Griffith's two-page story about Hayes.
- Short Order Comics #2 (1974):** Two pages.
- Skull Comics #1 (1970):** Two pages.
- Slow Death Funnies #1 (1970):** One-page collaboration with Geoffrey Hayes.
- Snatch Comics #2 (1969):** Six pages.
- Snatch Comics #3 (1970):** Two pages.
- Stoned Picture Parade #1 (1975):** One page.
- Tales Of Sex And Death #1 (1969):** One page.
- Tales Of Sex And Death #2 (1975):** One page and two-page collaboration.
- Turned On Cuties (1972):** One page.
- Weirdo #12 (1993):** Nine-page story, plus reprint of "The Rory Story" Hayes tribute by Bill Griffith. •

The DOOR WAS ALWAYS KEPT LOCKED, AND NO ONE SUSPECTED
THAT INSIDE LURKED....

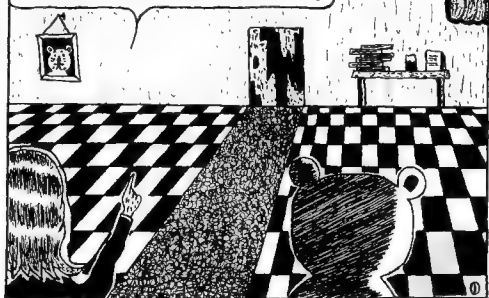
The THING IN THE ROOM!

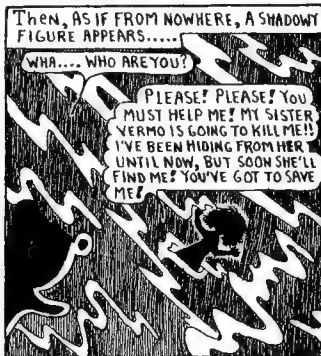
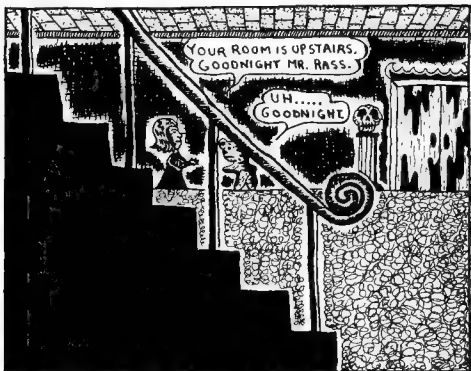


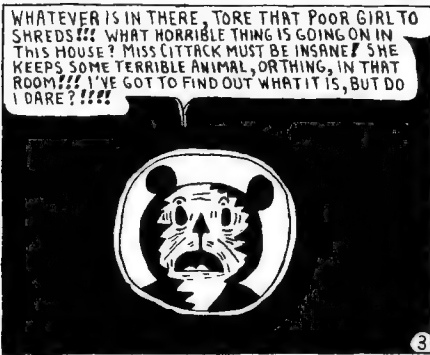
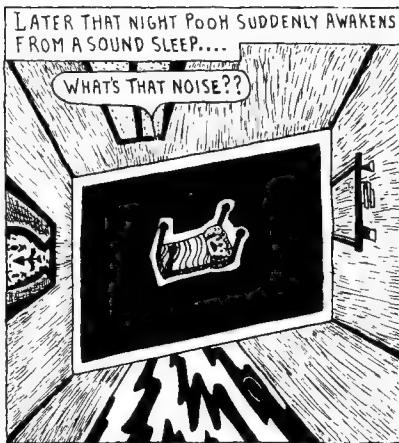
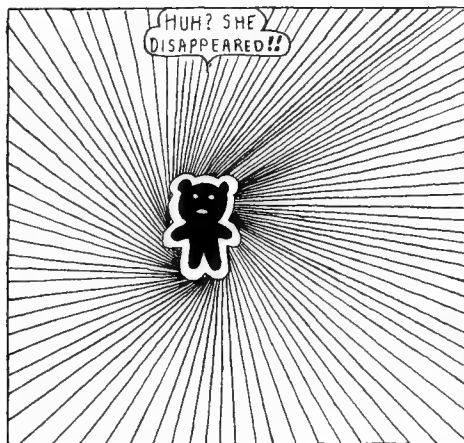
POOH RASS IS SUMMONED TO THE
ESTATE OF MISS VERMO CITTACK.....



BUT THERE IS ONE THING I MUST WARN YOU
ABOUT. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES MUST YOU
EVER TRY TO ENTER THAT ROOM!!!





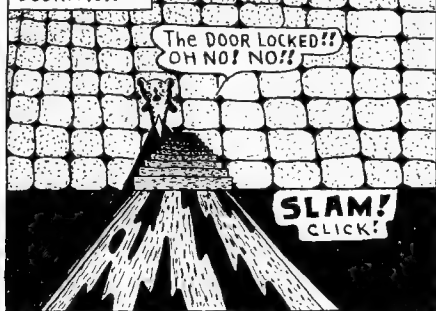




POOH RASS LOOKS ABOUT HIMSELF AT THE ROOM OF DEATH, AND SHUDDERS. A FOUL, GHASTLY ODOR, RISES TO HIS NOSTRILS, AND THEN HE LOOKS DOWN AND SEE'S IT. THERE, ON THE STONE FLOOR, LIES THE REMAINS OF MISS CITTACK'S SISTER. IN A POOL OF BLOOD, HER FACE CLAWED TO SHREDS, AND PIECES OF LOOSE FLESH DANGLING FROM THE BONES.



ALL OF A SUDDEN POOH IS NO LONGER CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT'S IN THE HORRIBLE ROOM. THE THOUGHT OF STAYING IN THERE ONE MORE MINUTE, IS UNBEARABLE!!! HE RUNS FOR THE DOOR.....

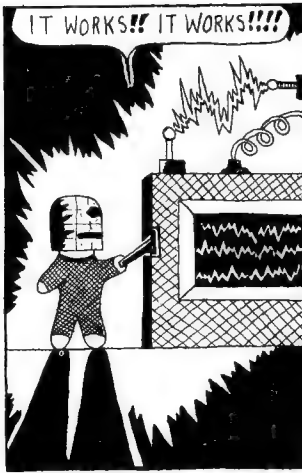
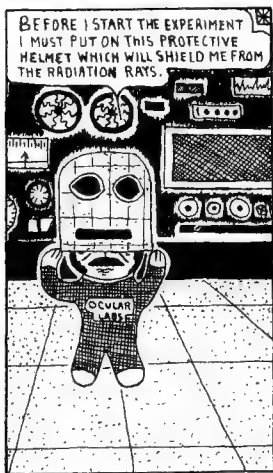


A MAD SORCERER PLACED THIS CURSE ON US FOR CROSSING HIM, AND EVER SINCE EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY HAS GOTTEN THIS DISEASE SOONER OR LATER. I HAVE TO KEEP MYSELF LOCKED IN THIS ROOM AT NIGHT SO I WON'T KILL ANYONE, BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE.....



The SCENE: The OCULAR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH LABORATORIES. TED STECK, WELL KNOWN SCIENTIST, WORKS ON AN IMPORTANT RADIATION EXPERIMENT, LITTLE SUSPECTING THE HORROR THAT LIES AHEAD.....

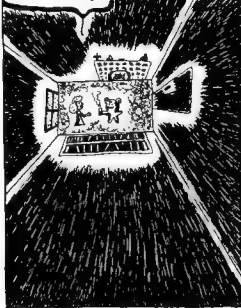
BITS OF FLESH!



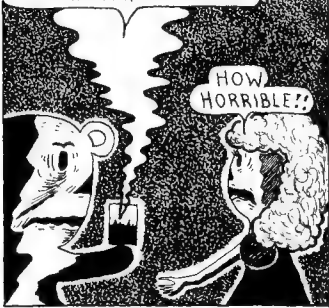
THIS LIQUID THAT I HAVE PERFECTED AT THE LAB WILL, WHEN DRUNKENOR SWALLOWED, EAT AWAY THE INSIDES OF A PERSON AND WILL EVENTUALLY KILL THEM!



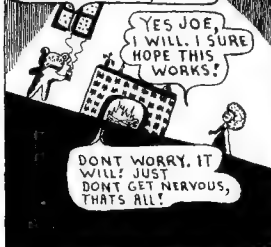
AND THAT MY DEAR, IS HOW WE ARE GOING TO ELIMINATE THAT WEAK WILLED HUSBAND OF YOURS!



NOW, TONIGHT WHEN HE COMES HOME, PLACE SOME OF THIS IN HIS COFFEE AND SOON HIS INSIDES WILL BE COMPLETELY EATEN AWAY!



HORRIBLE YES, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY! WELL, I'M LEAVING NOW. PHONE ME UP AFTER A WHILE AND LET ME KNOW WHAT HAPPENS, O.K.?



DONT WORRY. IT WILL! JUST DONT GET NERVOUS, THATS ALL!

TED STECK HAS COMPLETED HIS EXPERIMENT AND IS NOW ON HIS WAY HOME.

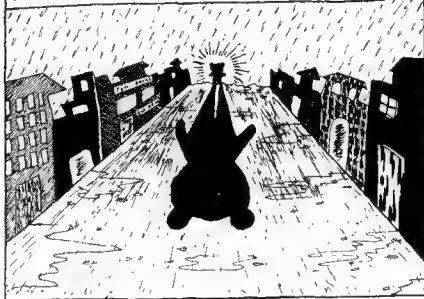


TOMORROW I WILL TURN MY FINDINGS IN AND MY PROMOTION WILL BE ALL SET!

LINDA WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR OF THIS. MAYBE NOW SHE WILL SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT FOR ME!



A COLD WIND COMES UP. CLOUDS PASS ACROSS THE MOON, AND A HEAVY TORRENT OF RAIN POURS DOWN. TED IS DEEP IN THOUGHT.....



TED ARRIVES AT HIS HOUSE.....



TED STECK TELLS HIS WIFE OF HIS EXPERIMENT AND HIS CHANCES OF A PROMOTION. SHE LISTENS AND ACTS HAPPY, BUT IN HER MIND OTHER THOUGHTS ARE FORMING.

YOU WON'T BE AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO ENJOY THAT PROMOTION, SAYS



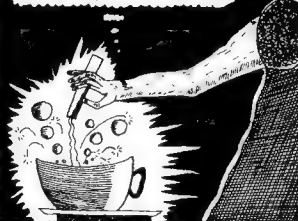
TED SEATS HIMSELF AT THE DINING TABLE AS LINDA GOES INTO THE KITCHEN TO PREPARE THE EVENING MEAL. SHE IS NERVOUS, BUT DETERMINED.

JOE SAID THAT THE SOLUTION SHOULD START EATING AWAY AT TED'S INSIDES ABOUT 20 MINUTES AFTER HE DIGESTS IT.



SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY LINDA POURS THE DEADLY LIQUID INTO A CUP OF BLACK COFFEE.....

AFTER THIS IS ALL OVER JOE AND I CAN RUN THIS HOUSE AND COLLECT ALL THE INSURANCE MONEY FROM TED'S DEATH.



LINDA RETURNS TO THE TABLE AND SETS THE COFFEE DOWN IN FRONT OF TED. TENSELY SHE WATCHES HIM AS HE BRINGS THE CUP TO HIS LIPS AND GULPS THE HOT LIQUID DOWN!

DRINK IT ALL DEAR, IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.



TED FINISHES THE COFFEE AND STARTS EATING. THE MINUTES TICK BY. SLOWLY, AGONIZINGLY! 20...15...10...5... LINDA'S FACE BREAKS OUT WITH SWEAT.

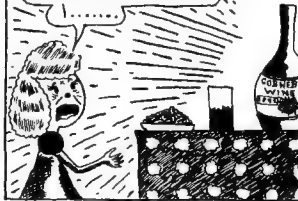
WHY THE HELL DOESN'T THAT STUFF HURRY UP AND WORK!!!!



THEN SUDDENLY EVERYTHING IS DEADLY QUIET. THEN THERE IS A LOUD, SHRIEKING, TORTURED SCREAM!

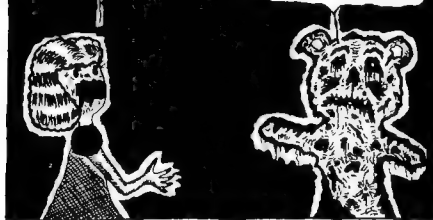
AIEEEEEEEEE!!!

TED! WHAT'S WRONG!



GAAAAA!!

OOOOOO..... LINDA... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME.... MY FACE!! AHHHH!!



LINDA STARES IN HORROR AT HER HUSBAND. HIS FACE HAS BECOME CRACKED AND DRY, AND LITTLE BITS OF FLESH DROP TO THE TABLE. THE SOLUTION DIDN'T WORK AS PLANNED, AND NOW THE THING THAT WAS ONCE TED STECK RISES AND STAGGERS TOWARD LINDA.....

NO! STAY AWAY!!!

YOU... YOU DID SOMETHING TO THAT COFFEE! OOOOO.....



TED STECK FALLS TO THE FLOOR. A MASS OF BLOATED, CRACKED, DECAYING FLESH?



HORRIFIED, LINDA RUNS FROM THE HOUSE OUT INTO THE RAINY, WINDSWEPT NIGHT.



A STRONG WIND COMES UP AND LINDA IS BLOWN ABOUT SO MUCH THAT SHE LOSES HER WAY.



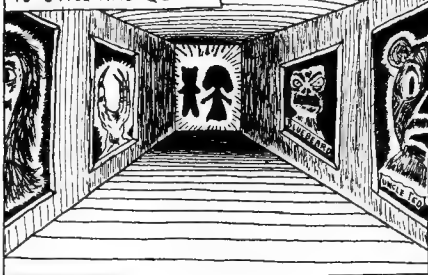
Then, AFTER WHAT SEEMS HOURS, SHE SEE'S IT. JOE'S HOUSE!



URGENTLY LINDA BANGS ON THE DOOR. JOE ANSWERS AND SHE TELLS HIM WHAT HAPPENED.

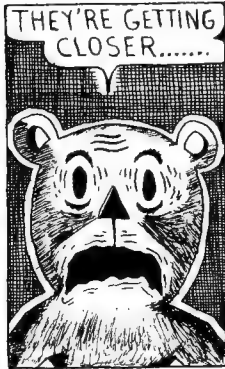


JOE AND LINDA MAKE THEIR WAY BACK THRU THE FURY OF THE SLASHING RAIN TO THE DARK, EERIE HOUSE. EVERYTHING IS STILL AND QUIET.



They ENTER THE DINING ROOM AND STOP SHORT, IN HORROR! ALL ABOUT ARE SCATTERED LITTLE BITS AND CHUNKS OF TED'S FLESH.....





THE DOOR OF THE ROOM SLOWLY CREAKS OPEN AND THERE STANDS THE DECOMPOSED FIGURE OF TED STECK. IT STAGGERS TOWARD JOE AND LINDA, STRANGE, CRACKED SOUNDS, COMING FROM ITS DECAYED THROAT....



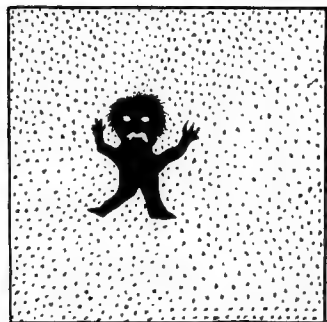
THE END 9

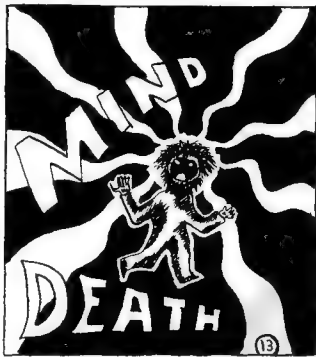
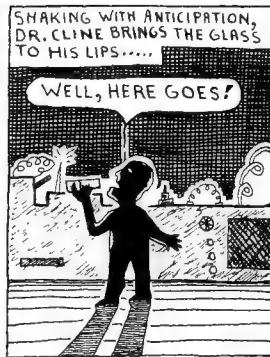
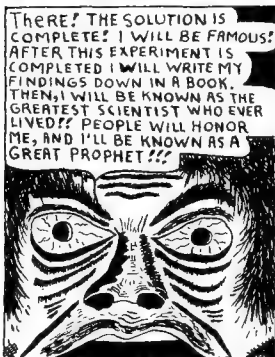
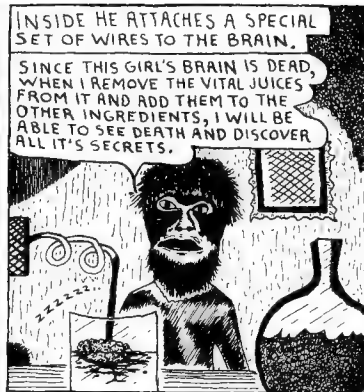
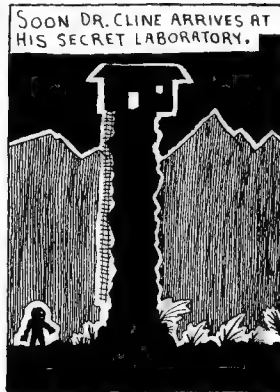
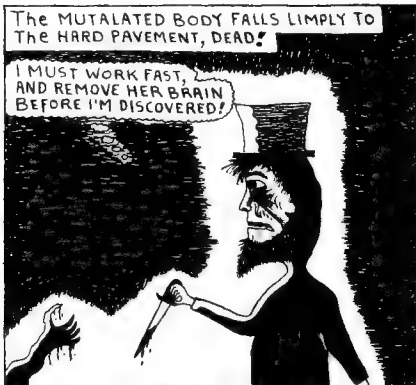


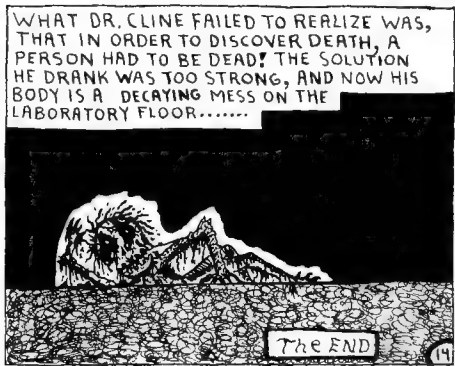
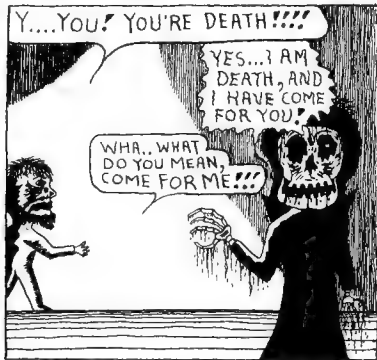
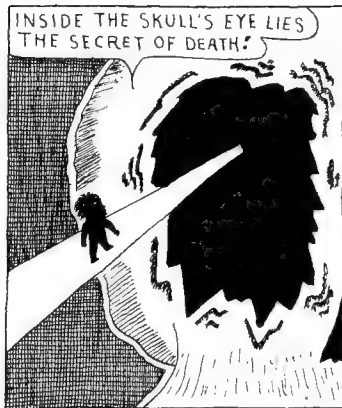
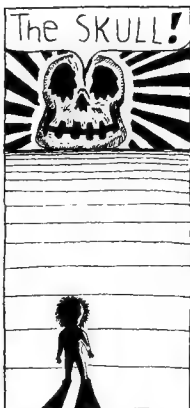
FOR TWENTY YEARS NOW I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THIS EXPERIMENT AND HAVE AT LAST SUCCEEDED!!! THIS LIQUID WILL MAKE MY BRAIN STRONGER THAN ANYONE ALIVE! I WILL BE ABLE TO SEE INTO THE FORBIDDEN REGIONS OF THE MIND, AND SOLVE ITS SECRETS!



NOW I WILL KNOW! AT LAST! AT LAST!

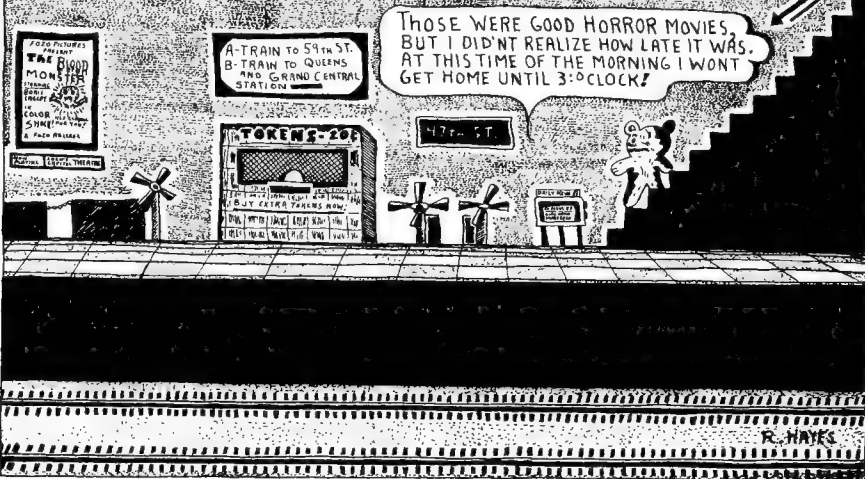






IT IS 1:30 IN THE MORNING AND EVERYTHING IS STILL AND QUIET. THE FOOTSTEPS OF A LONE BEAR SUDDENLY DISTURB THE SILENCE AS HE WALKS DOWN THE STEPS OF A SUBWAY STATION.....

THE CREATURES IN THE TUNNELS



The BEAR LOOKS ABOUT HIMSELF. HE IS COMPLETELY ALONE.

I HOPE THE TRAIN COMES PRETTY SOON. IT'S SORT OF CREEPY HERE!

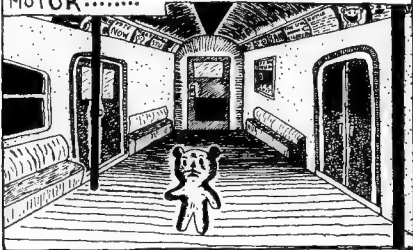


ANOTHER DULL NIGHT. I'LL GO HOME, GO TO SLEEP, GET UP, GO TO WORK, SAME OLD ROUTINE DAY AFTER DAY!!





THE TRAIN SLOWLY COMES TO A STOP, AND THE BEAR ENTERS ONE OF THE CARS. IT IS DESERTED. EVERYTHING IS QUIET AND THE ONLY SOUND THAT CAN BE HEARD IS THE GENTLE HUM OF THE TRAIN'S MOTOR.....



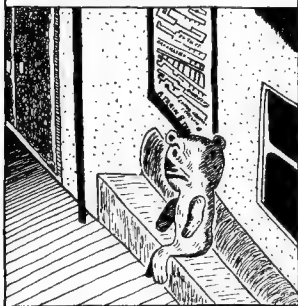
THE TRAIN PICKS UP SPEED AND VANISHES DOWN ONE OF THE DARK SUBWAY TUNNELS.



THE BEAR STARES OUT THE WINDOW INTO THE BLACKNESS. LITTLE FLICKERS OF LIGHT WHIZ PAST.....



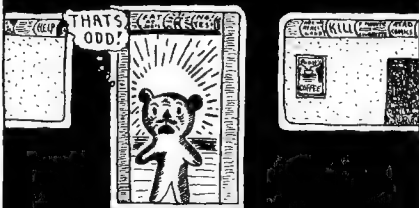
THE BEAR IS DEEP IN THOUGHT AND FAILS TO NOTICE THAT THE TRAIN IS SLOWING DOWN.....



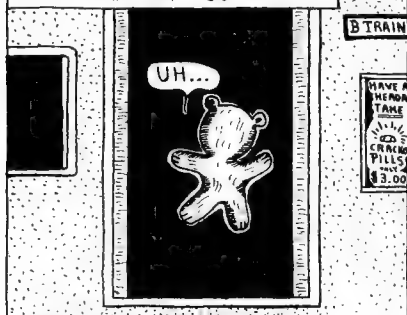
HUH? WHY DID THE TRAIN STOP?



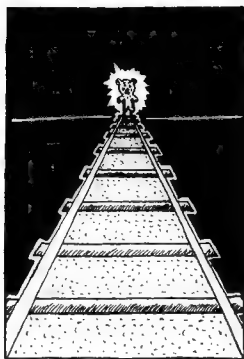
THE SLIDING DOORS OF THE CAR OPEN. THE BEAR PEERS OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.



THE TRAIN JERKS, THE BEAR LOSES HIS BALANCE AND PLUNGES INTO THE WAITING BLACKNESS.....



THE TRAIN STARTS UP AND ZOOMS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE, LEAVING THE BEAR ALL ALONE.



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
IT'S AS IF THAT TRAIN DELIBERATELY LEFT ME HERE! HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE? IT'S SO DARK THAT I CAN HARDLY SEE!



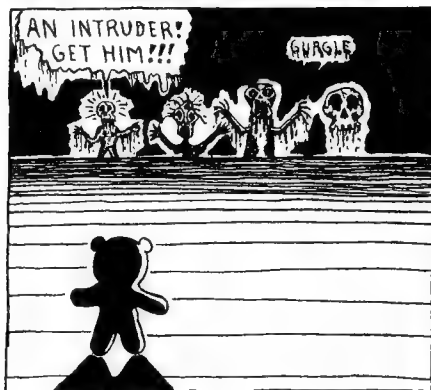
I'M SCARED.

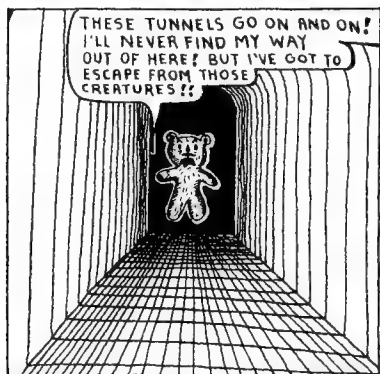
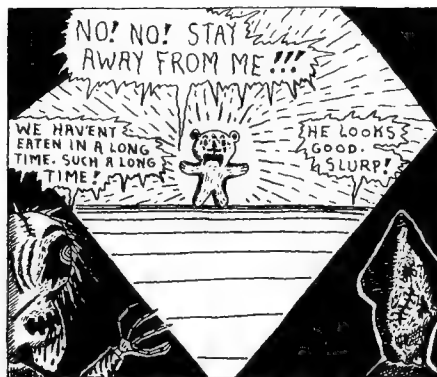


I HOPE A TRAIN DOESN'T HIT ME!

UH? WHAT'S THAT NOISE?







WHEN HIS WIFE HAD PASSED AWAY OLD EZRA BELLIN HAD SHUT HIMSELF OFF FROM THE WORLD. AS THE YEARS PASSED PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGE BEGAN TO TALK, AND WHISPER ABOUT OLD EZRA AND HOW HE HAD'NT BEEN SEEN OUT OF HIS DECAYING OLD HOUSE IN 10 YEARS! SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD, BUT OTHERS KNEW BETTER.....

THE OLD MAN



THE OLD MAN SITS IN HIS DARK, MUSTY HOUSE THINKING WILD, CRAZED, THOUGHTS TO HIMSELF. SINCE HIS WIFE DIED EZRA BELLIN HAS SLOWLY BECOME INSANE!



SLOWLY HE REACHES OUT HIS WITHERED, WRINKLED HANDS TOWARD THE FIREPLACE.



MEANWHILE, EZRA'S GRANDDAUGHTER IS ON HER WAY TO SEE HIM.....



THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE WARNED ME NOT TO COME UP HERE. WHY WOULD THEY SAY THAT? WHAT DO THEY MEAN?



I'VE NO IDEA WHAT TO EXPECT. SOME PEOPLE HAVE SAID HE'S CRAZY, BUT I DON'T THINK SO. HE JUST WANTS TO BE LEFT ALONE, I THINK.



WELL, HERE I AM!



THE OLD MAN TURNS FROM THE FIREPLACE AS HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS COMING UP THE FRONT STEPS.....



THE GIRL RAPS LIGHTLY ON THE HEAVY WOOD DOOR. SLOWLY IT CREAKS OPEN A CRACK, AND THE OLD MAN PEERS OUT.



THE OLD MAN LEADS ELSA INTO A DUSTY, DARK, GLOOMY HALLWAY.



A CRAZED GRIN SPREADS ACROSS THE OLD MAN'S FACE AS HE STARES AT ELSA



ELSA IS GETTING READY FOR BED WHEN SHE HEARS A NOISE FROM OUTSIDE. SHE GOES TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT.



HOURS LATER ELSA AWAKENS FROM A RESTLESS SLEEP.

THE FRONT DOOR! IT... IT'S OPENING!



GRANDFATHER IS BACK!



ELSA HEARS HER GRANDFATHER
DRAG SOMETHING IN A ROOM AND
SLAM THE DOOR. SHE DECIDES TO
INVESTIGATE....



ELSA SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR AND STARES
IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT BEFORE HER,
ILLUMINATED BY A SHAFT OF LIGHT.



OLD EZRA TURNS FROM
THE HALF EATEN CORPSE
ON THE FLOOR AND GLARES
AT HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

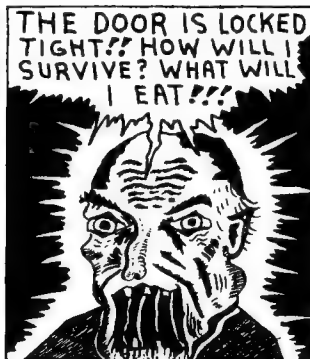


THE GIRL SCREAMS AS THE OLD MAN STAGGERS TOWARD
HER, SLIME DRIPPING FROM HIS MOUTH.



ELSA REGAINS HER SENSES AND
RUNS FROM THE ROOM, LOCKING
THE DOOR BEHIND HER.





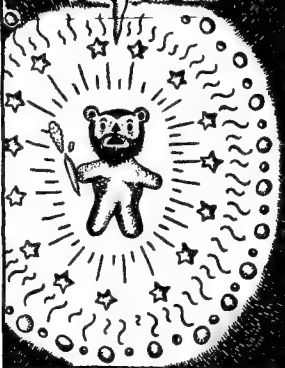
The END



MOST PEOPLE GO THRU LIFE LIKE HUMAN ROBOTS. THIS IS A WASTE! THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD!



WHAT I MEAN IS THAT THESE SO-CALLED HUMANS ARE AFRAID TO EXPERIENCE! A PERSON MUST OPEN HIS MIND COMPLETELY AND ABSORB EVERYTHING!



I MUST RETREAT
FROM THIS COMMON
WORLD.....



AND JOURNEY TO A
LAND OF PLEASANTNESS.



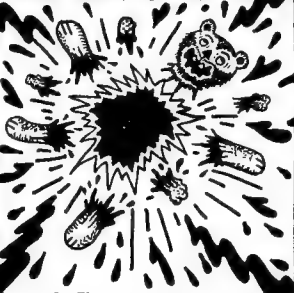
GONE.... GONE.... GONE....
FOREVER.....



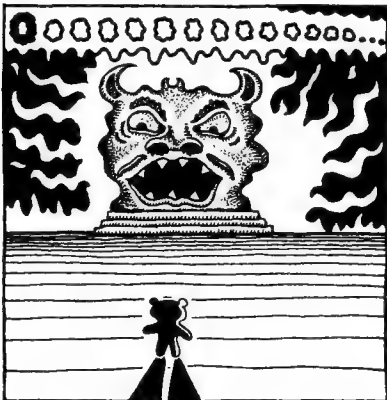
I'M GOING
TO BURST
OPEN!

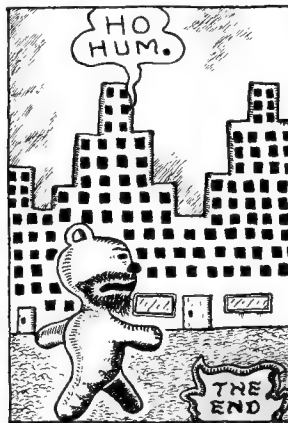
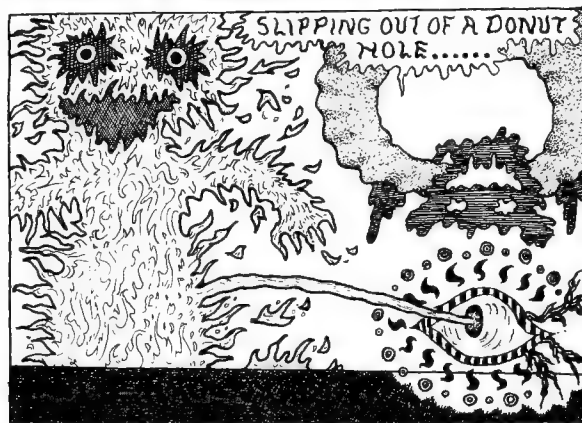
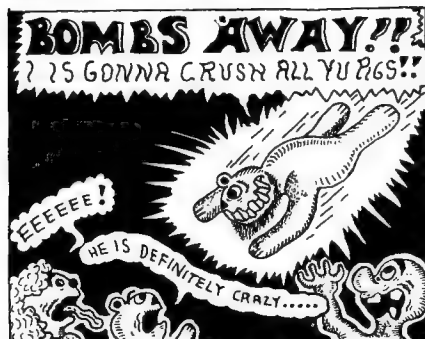
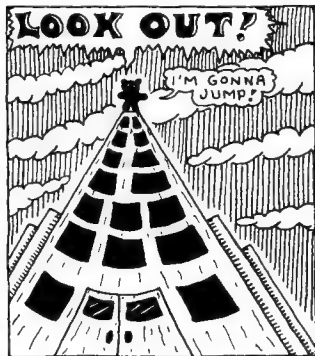


BLOO!!



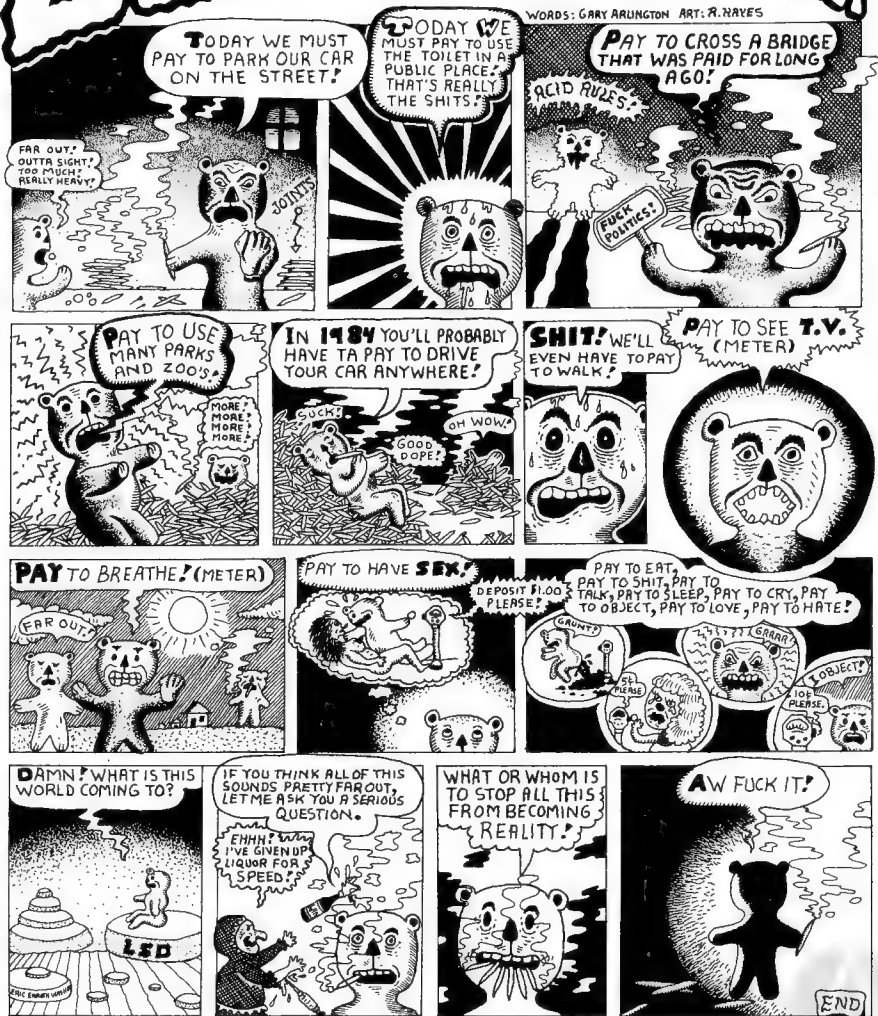
FZOOM





DEAR CRUSADER

WORDS: GARY ARLINGTON ART: P. HAYES



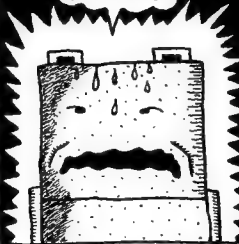
POBER SALTINE

THE CRISPY
FELLOW

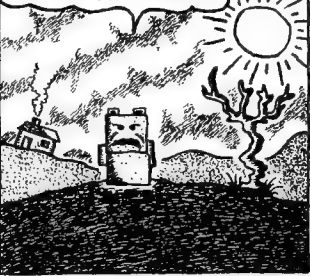


BY
R. HAYES

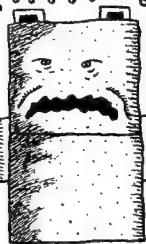
OH WOE! WHAT A LIFE!
I LIVE IN MORTAL FEAR
OF BEING EATEN ANY
MINUTE BY SOME CRUDE
PERSON!



THESE HUMANS JUST DONT
REALIZE HOW MANY PROBLEMS
I HAVE! IF I MOVE AROUND TOO
FAST I'LL FALL APART!

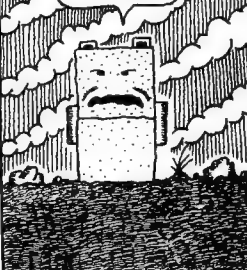


AND.... AND WHAT IF SOMEONE
DECIDES TO PUT JAM ON ME AND HAVE
ME WITH THEIR TEA!

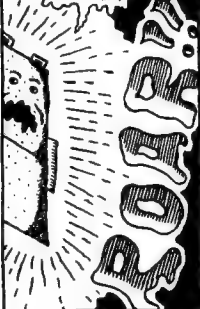


CHOKED..

A LOT OF OTHER CRACKERS
HAVE COMPLIMENTED
ME ON MY DRY SENSE OF
HUMOR, BUT THIS DOESNT
HELP ANY.



GOOD LORD!
WHAT'S THAT AWFUL
NOISE?



GASP! A HUGE DEMON!!
HE... HE'S GOING TO EAT ME!
NO! NO!



GAAAAA...AAA...



THE END

NORG AND MORG

A STRANGE TALE OF TWO REJECTS

R. HAYES

DEEP WITHIN THE VERGOSSEE WOODS THERE LIES A DARK, AND FORBIDING HOUSE WHERE TWO PERVERTED CREATURES RESIDE.....



INSIDE....

HAVE ANOTHER BONE NORG?

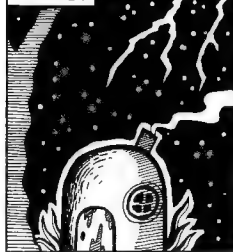
GORKLE....



CHOMP!



NORG CHEWS ON THE FUNGIED BONE WHILE OUTSIDE THUNDER RAGES.



THOSE BLASTOK FOOLS! REJECT US, CALL US MORONS! BLOT! FOP! FUCK UM!

4

LA FA
UMMLEE
MO-NEE
LE ROOD...



LISTEN! OUTSIDE IN THE HOWLING WIND, DOST I HEAR FOOTSTEPS?

GORKLE
FORKLE
MORKLE!



OUT IN THE HOWLING WIND A HUGE, SHADOWY FIGURE CAN BE SEEN APPROACHING THE SMALL HOUSE....



**SUDDENLY
ALL THE LIGHTS
GO OUT!**



BLOKLE



GAARROGGLAA!!



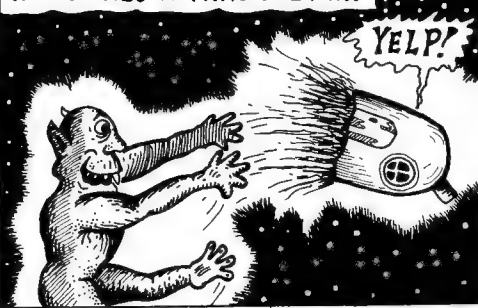
**INSIDE NORG & MORG
FLIP-OUT!**



**WAGGDOO!
PLOT-NOP
FAGURAAA!
WOOOOO!!**

**HICKLE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE!**

**THE HUGE MONSTROSITY TEARS
THE HOUSE FROM IT'S FOUNDATIONS
AND HURLS IT THRU THE AIR!**



YELP!

**THEY HURL THRU THE STRATOS-
PHERE AT BREAKNECK SPEED!**



**THE
SPEEDING
HOUSE
CRASHES!!**



GAAAA!!!

AIEEEEEEEEE

GRANNY CRACKBAGGY IN STONED AGAIN

R. HAYES

EHHHHH! GOOD STUFF!
HICK... BURP!
MORE! MORE!



ONE DULL AND QUIET EVENING A NUTTY OLD WOMAN NAMED GRANNY CRACKBAGGY SITS IN HER LIVING ROOM LISTENING TO THE RADIO....

EHHH! I'M
BORED! THINK
I'LL GO GET DRUNK!



THE SUN SLOWLY GOES DOWN AS THE OLD WOMAN HEADS TOWARD THE LIQUOR STORE.....



CRACKBAGGY LATER COMES OUT OF THE STORE WITH A BOTTLE OF BRANDY. SHE GUZZLES IT DOWN....

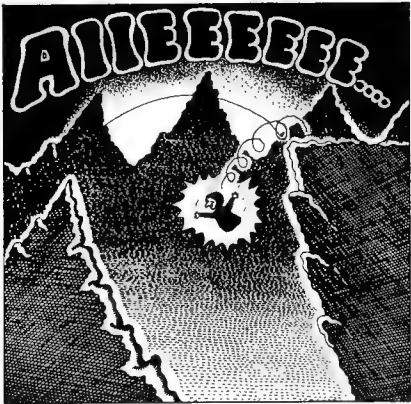
EHHHH! LIFE IS
SO ANNOYING! NO-ONE
UNDERSTANDS ME.



THE OLD WOMAN STAGGERS CLUMSILY AROUND NOT SUSPECTING THE DANGER THAT LIES AHEAD!



AAAAAAAAA...



I KNEW I'D GET PUNISHED
FOR MY SINE SOONER OR
LATER... NOW IT'S TOO LATE...
IT'S THE END....



THE
END

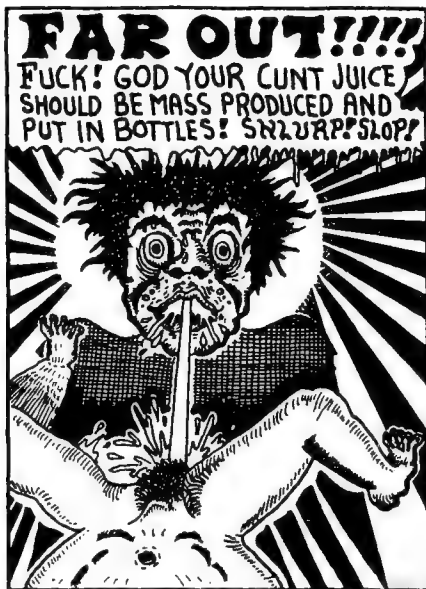
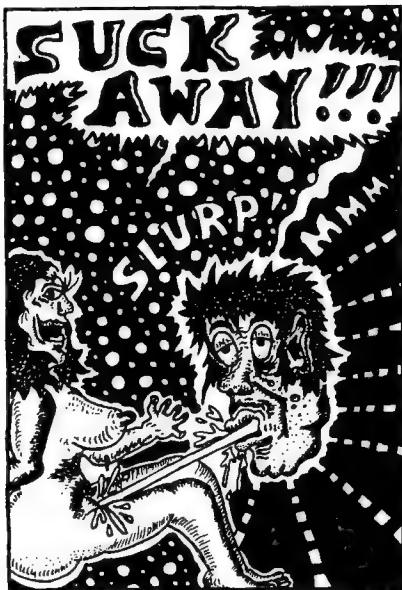
CUNT COMICS

NO. 1

1969

PISS ON YOU
EARTH!

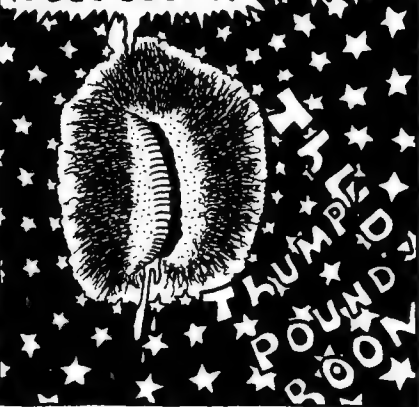




**THERE! I'VE CLEANED YOU DRY.
NOW TO LICK UP THE LAST
LITTLE REMAINS!**



**HELP! EEEK! THERE'S
SOMETHING MOVING AROUND
INSIDE MY CUNT!! IT'S TRYING
TO GET OUT!!!!**



**OH MY GOD!! IT'S
CRAWLING OUT!!!**



**GOOD LORD! IT'S
ALIVE!!!!**



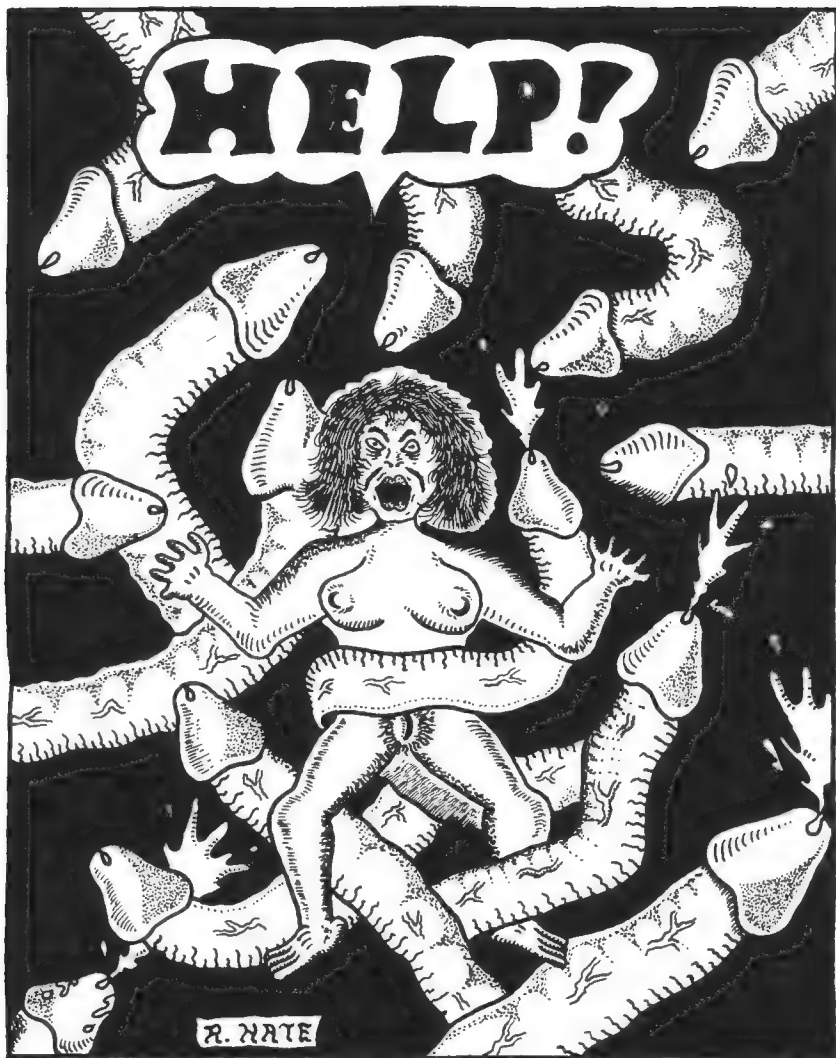


**YOU MUTHA-FUCKIN UPTIGHT
ASSHOLE!!!** SO MY CUNT IS'NT GOOD
ENOUGH FOR THAT PRICK OF YOURS HUH! WELL NOW
YOU'LL NEVER STICK IT IN ANYBODY EVER AGAIN!!!!!!

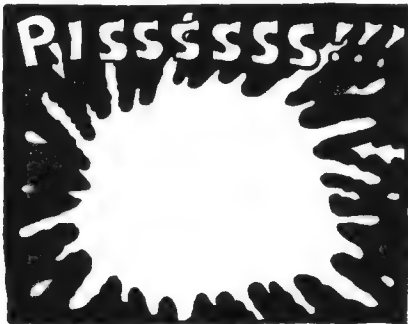


THE WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE WHOM YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID TO MEET!





SOMETHING TO SAY



AFTER I GET THROUGH PISS'IN ON YA I'M GONNA
LET MY PET EAT YOUR CUNT!



CATHY CUNT TAKES A CUM SHOWER



BERTHA The BITCH AND CO.

AREN'T I CUTE!

I.....I'M
SPACED...

GONE....

SPLAPP?

GLUB....

R. "FUCK YOU"

FOR JANIS LOVE-R HATE

GODAMN! YOU LITTLE
FUCKIN' LESBO! EAT ME
OFF! SUCK MY TITS! LICK
MY ASS! LET ME LICK YOUR
CUNT! OH SHIT! I'M
IN HEAVEN!
FUCK!

QUICK MARTHA!
I'M COMING AGAIN!
STICK YOUR FACE
IN MY CUNT AND
I'LL WHIZ ALL
OVER IT!

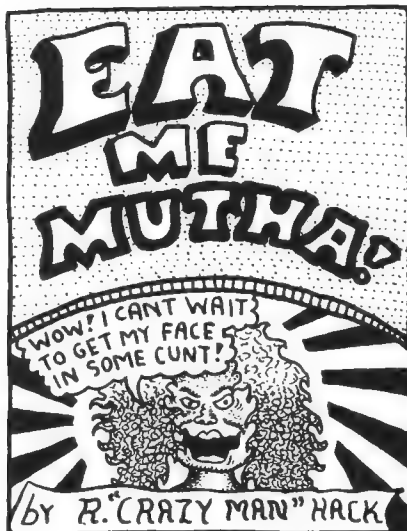
FEEL...
SCRATH...
STICK....

YUM... SLURP! I...I..CANT
G..GET ENOUGH OF IT! UMMMM....
TOO MUCH, WOW!
GIMME SOME MORE OF THAT DOPE!

RATS! THEY HAVE
ALL THE FUN WHILE
I HAVE TO JACK-OFF
ALL BY MYSELF.

I'M HAVIN' MY PERIOD
AND HELPING IT ALONG BY...

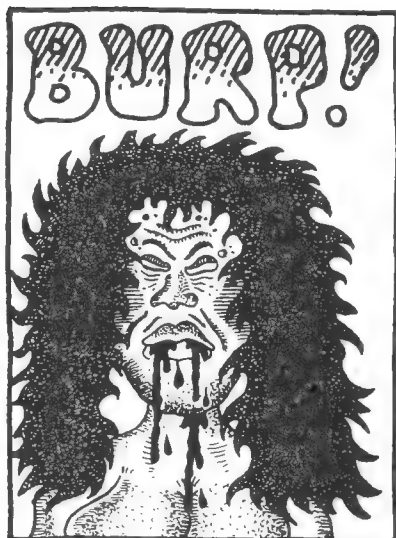
R(MUTHA-FUCK) HATE











THREE TEEN-AGE PUNKS GET AHOLD OF 16 YEAR OLD GLORIA AND FUCK THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF HER!!!

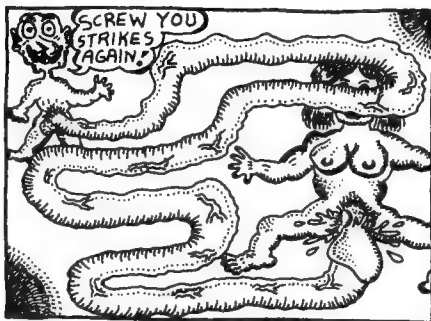
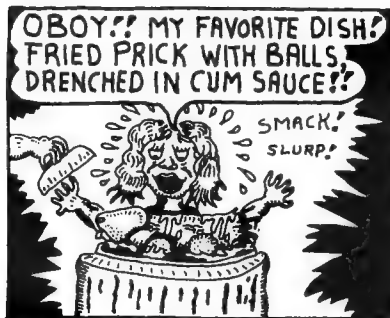
HEY JOE LOOK' IT
THAT! WE'RE SCREWING
THIS BITCH SO HARD
THAT SHE'S HAVING
HER PERIOD ALL
OVER THE
PLACE!!
HAR! HAR!
HAR!

SUM CUM
FOR YOUR GUMS!

MUTHA FUCKER!
THIS LITTLE
ASSHOLE HAS
GOTTEN ME SO
EXCITED THAT I'M
SHITT'IN ON
MYSELF!!!

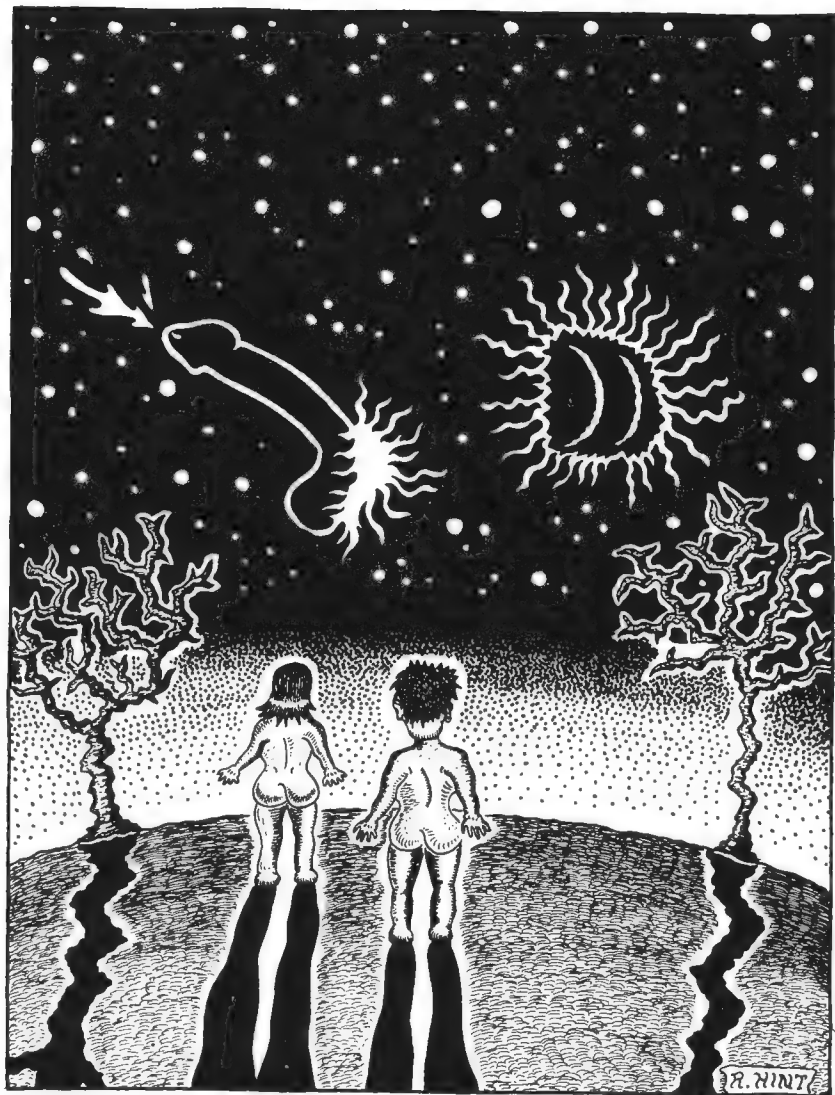
WU
ELOP!

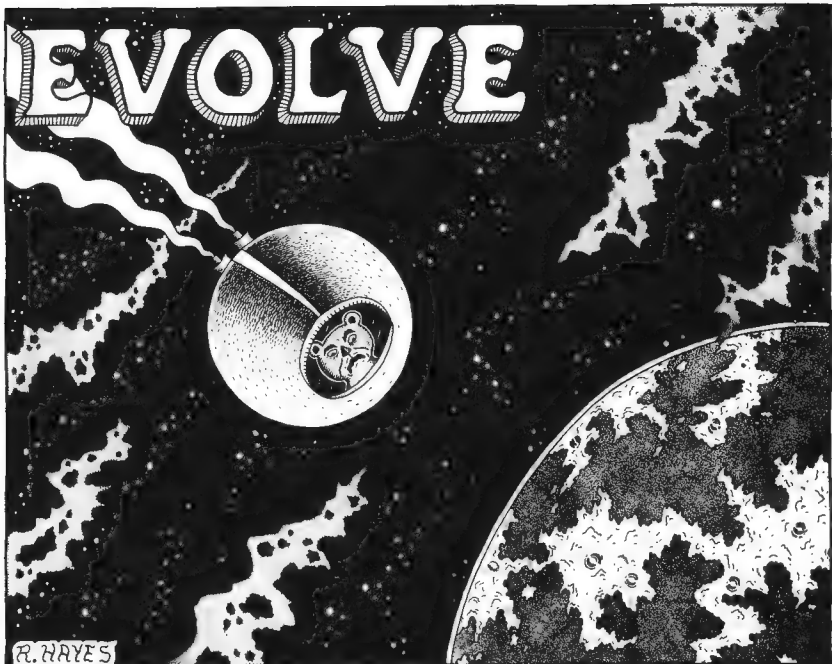
PRICK SICK!



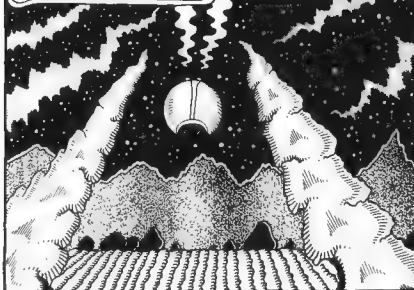
FOR WILSON



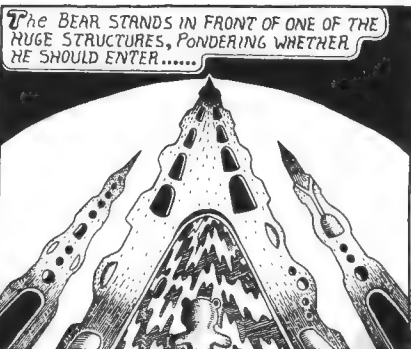
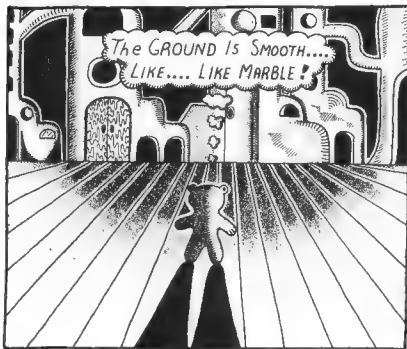




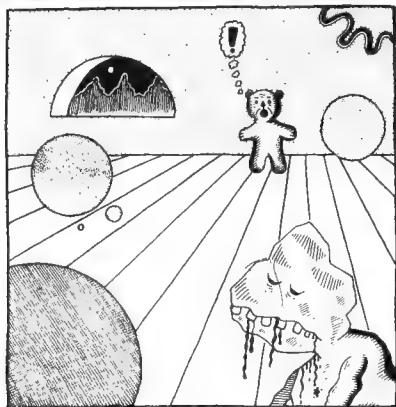
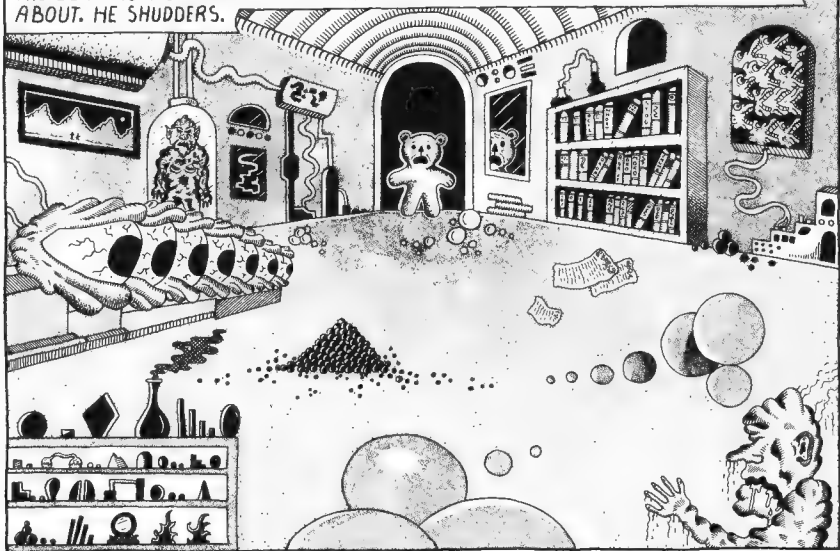
THE SPHERE FLOATS SLOWLY TO
THE GROUND.....



*The BEAR LEAVES HIS SPHERE. The AIR IS DEATHLY
QUIET.*

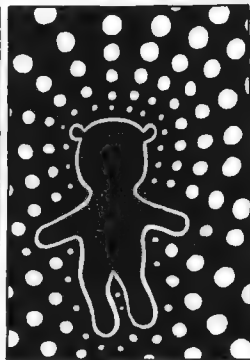
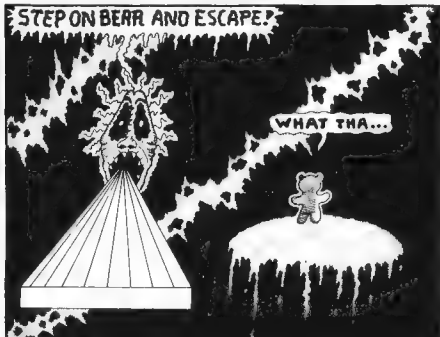
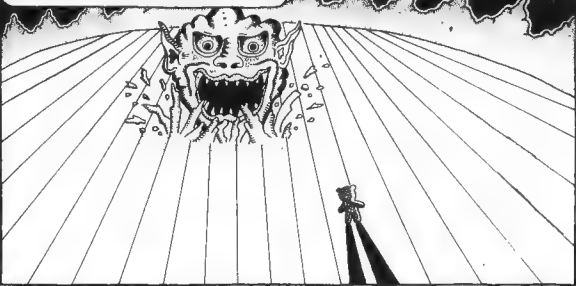


The BEAR CAUTIOUSLY OPENS THE HUGE DOOR AND ENTERS A STRANGE AND EERIE BUILDING, REEKING WITH ODD SMELLS AND STRONG ODORS. LOOKING ABOUT HIMSELF, THE BEAR NOTICES BIZARRE STRUCTURES AND ROTTED BOOKS AND MAPS SCATTERED ABOUT. HE SHUDDERS.





THE BEAR SLOWLY LEAVES THE BUILDING AND LOOKS ABOUT IN DESPAIR. SUDDENLY THE SURFACE OF THE GROUND CRACKS OPEN AND A HUGE, MONSTROUS CREATURE RISES FORTH.



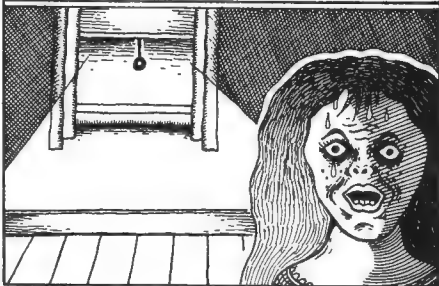


IT WAS JUST BEFORE DAWN AND I WAS COMING DOWN FAST AND HARD. MY PEACEFULL FRAME OF MIND WAS RAPIDLY CHANGEING AND MY THOUGHTS STARTED RACING DOWNHILL UNTIL THEY WOULD, WOULD SPLIT APART AND FADE AWAY. I SADLY KNEW THAT ACCURSED NEEDLE WOULD ONCE MORE HAVE TO ENTER MY SKIN AND INJECT IT'S DEATH JUICE INTO MY WITHERED VEINS. THOUROUGHLY I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS TO BE THE VERY....

LAST HIT



THE DEVIL VENOM STARTED RUSHING VIOLENTLY TO MY BRAIN AND IT FELT LIKE THE TOP OF MY HEAD WAS GOING TO BURST APART!



LITTLE HARSH VOICES STARTED TO PLOT AND PLAN THEIR EVIL AND FOUL SCHEMES WITHIN MY BRAIN AND SUDDENLY I COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY WERE SAYING AND I BEGAN TO SCREAM...



AND SCREAM...AND SCREAM..AND SCREAM



GLAAUUUURGG...CHOKE...



DEST-TOF OLM-MEG
ORKEF FOD LUMEG
POS-GOR MAF
ANURECK PLA-
MORF-GON TRU
BATSO GAFU-
RO!

OY-TROS
MEN UM
FLOOGLE



THE SPEED DEMONS CRAWL OUT THE HOTEL ROOM WINDOW AND WRAP THEMSELVES AROUND VARIOUS TALL BUILDINGS. ALL AT ONCE THE DEMONS START SCREAMING AT AN EAR SPLITTING PITCH WHICH GETS HIGHER AND HIGHER. THIS MADDENING RACKET DRIVES THE CITY PEOPLE INSANE AND THEY ALSO START SCREAMING UNTIL THE SOUND GETS SO INTENSE THAT IT DESTROYS EVERYTHING AND ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A DEADLY AND EVERLASTING SILENCE.....



THE TOTAL END

VIOLENT By COMICS

R. HAYES
(WHOEVER THE HELL
HE IS!)

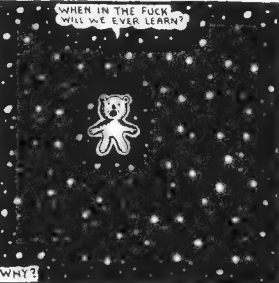
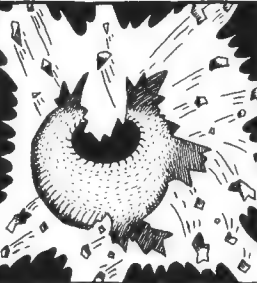
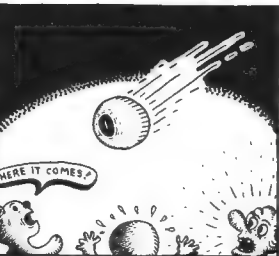
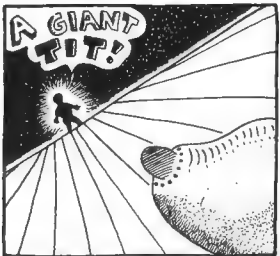
CHOK... MY HEAD IS SPLITTING,
WORMS ARE CRAWLING AROUND
IN MY STOMACH... GASP! I FEEL
LIKE KILLING SOMEBODY. SHIT?



URGE TO MUTILATE??!
CRAP....G...GOING ON... INSIDE
MY...MY HEAD... I CANT CONTROL
GOTTA DO SOMETHING!



AND NOW!!



DEEP WITHIN THE TARGLO WOODS, IN THE CLAROON REGIONS OF UPPER ZARGOLA THERE LIES A SMALL VILLAGE, ALMOST HIDDEN FROM THE SIGHT OF ANY CURIOUS EYEBALLS THAT MIGHT CARE TO GAZE UPON IT. THE VILLAGE IS CALLED ONOROP AND IT'S PEACE AND SERENITY IS SPOILED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF....

MAZOR STORN

**BURNING
SEETHING
FIERY
RAGING
WATFULL
ENERGY**

**YOU UNKNOWINGLY
INNOCENT, IGNORANT
SAPS! I'M HERE,
I'VE GOT BLAZING EYES
AND I KNOW SOME-
THING NONE OF YOU
EVEN SUSPECT IN THE
LEAST, AND BELIEVE
ME. YOU SURE AS
BITCHING HELL ARE
GONNA FIND OUT!**

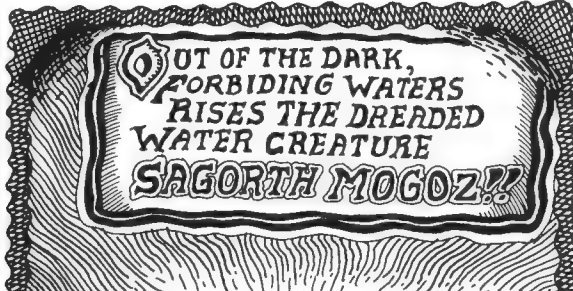
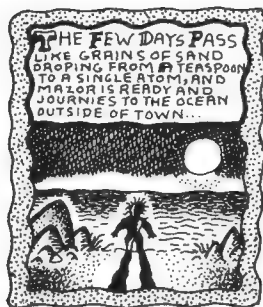


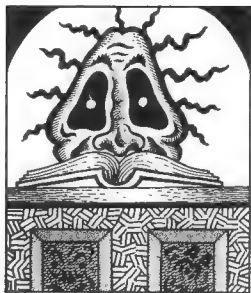
OUT OF THE FAR REACHES OF NOWHERE AND NOTHING AND EMTINESS HE STORMED INTO THE VILLAGE LIKE A BLAZING BALL OF FIRE....



MAZOR TOOK UP HIS STRANGE RESIDENCE IN A LONE TOWER JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN....







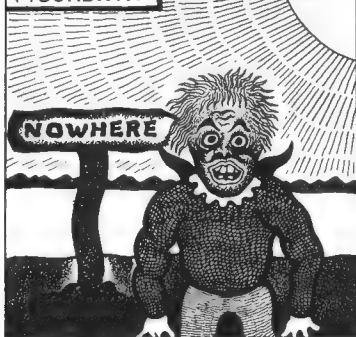
8000! NOW THAT MY PARTNERS IN HORROR HAVE RECITED THEIR REVOLTING FABLES OF FEAR, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR OLD FAVORITE STORYTELLER OF TERRIFYING CLASSICS OF THE MACABRE, TO CHOKe OUT THIS MORBID TALE. NO ONE KNEW HOW IT STARTED, OR WHEN IT BEGAN, OR WHY IT HAPPENED. LIKE AN EXPLOSION, OUR SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION WAS SAVAGELY THRUST INTO A LIVING NIGHTMARE OF VIOLENCE AND DESTRUCTION! THE GOD OF ALL EVIL BELLOWED OUT HIS THUNDEROUS CURSE ACROSS THE FACE OF OUR PLANET, AND ALL MANKIND HOPELESSLY REALIZED THAT THIS WAS THE END! SIMULTANEOUSLY, OUR ENTIRE POPULATION SHARED THE SAME FEELING OF ULTIMATE INSANITY AND HORROR, FOR THEY KNEW THAT EVERY ACRE OF EARTH WAS COVERED WITH THE RAPIDLY MULTIPLYING DISEASE OF.....

THE WRATH OF MAZOR STORN



R. HAYES

ON A LONE DESERT ROAD STANDS A FOREBODING AND BIZZARE FIGURE.....



HEE...HEE...
HEE...HEE...
HEE...HEE
HEE...HEE...





INSIDE, AT THE WHEEL, SITS A BRAIN DISEASED BEAT-NICK. HE CANNOT TALK STRAIGHT AND MUMBLES STUPIDLY AS HIS BULGING EYEBALLS STARE DAZEDLEY AT THE HOT ROAD AHEAD....

SUGZEE... URK...
FOPIG... UHH..
SUM... SSS...
SUMTIN... STAN-
DIN... UM... IN
ROAD... AHEAD
OF MEEEEE...

AS THE TRUCK SLOWS DOWN, THE SATANIC FIGURE STANDING IN THE ROAD RAISES HIS RIGHT HAND....



HAVING **C**REATED ANOTHER DEADLY **P**AWN TO PLAY IN HIS **T**ERRIFYING GAME OF **WORLD CONQUEST**, **M**AZOR UTTERS A **M**EDIEVIL SET OF WORDS FROM **D**EEP WITHIN HIS BEING. **T**HE **B**IZZARELY **G**UTTERAL **S**OUND **R**ISES TO AN **E**AR **S**PLITTING PITCH AND **B**REAKS THRU WEIRD **L**EVELS OF **T**IME AND **S**PACE AND **E**NVELOPES AND TAKES **C**ONTROL OF TWO OF THE MOST **H**ELLISH **C**REATURES IN **E**XISTENCE! **W**ITH A **H**ARSH **S**CREAM, **M**AZOR BRINGS HIS **E**ULOGY TO AN **A**BRUPT **E**ND! **S**ATAN **H**IMSELF CAN BE HEARD **G**IGGLING **I**NSANELY AS **M**AZOR **S**TORN STANDS IN THE CENTER OF **P**OISONOUS **S**WIRLING **M**ISTS AND HIS **M**ONTRIOUS **S**LAVES OF **D**EATH **F**LOAT IN **L**IMBO **B**EHIND **H**IM! **S**ADISTICALLY, **M**AZOR **C**AREFULLY **P**LOTS OUT HIS **I**NVASION TO **D**ESTROY **O**UR **W**ORLD!



MAZOR **S**TORN AND HIS FOUL **D**EMONS EMIT AN
AGNONIZING, **D**EATHLY **S**CREAM AS A **H**UGE **W**EBBED
FOOT COMES SMASHING DOWN UPON THEM AND WIPES
OUT THEIR **E**VL **L**IVES FROM **E**XISTENCE!

SPLAT!!



YES DEAR READER, ONCE AGAIN OUR BEAUTIFULL, WONDERFULL
WORLD IS RID OF ANOTHER EVER PRESENT FORCE OF EVIL!
REMEMBER **F**OLKS, **V**IOLENCE AND **H**ATRED IS A ROAD TO NOWHERE!





THE KEEPER



OF THE MIND

WELCOME TO MY CRAINIAL QUARTERS WHERE EACH ISSUE I FONDLY REMINISCE ABOUT AMAZING **MIND BENDING TALES** STRAIGHT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE **MIND!** MY STORY CONCERNS A DISGUSTING CREATURE BY THE NAME OF

POPOFF HAYES
THE DRUG FIEND!

HAVING BEAT TWO JUNKIES TO A BLOODY PULP, **POPOFF HAYES** STRIDES DOWN THE ALLEY WITH 3 BAGS OF **SPEED AND COCAINE.**

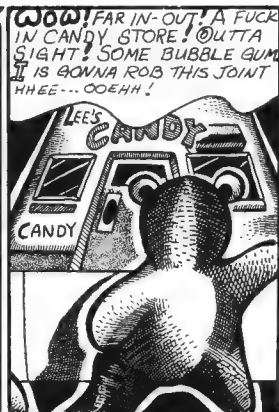


ONCE INSIDE HIS DINGY DWELLING QUARTERS **POPOFF** GRINS WITH **RE-LISH** AND PROCEEDS TO SHOOT UP THE **STOLEN DRUGS!!**

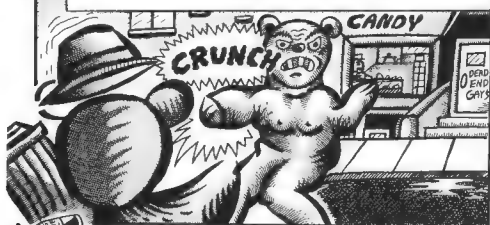


THOSE WORTHLESS DELINQUENTS ARE SO IGNORANT AND FOOLISH! THEY HAVE NO RIGHT TO TAKE THESE HARD DRUGS! ONLY A PERSON OF SUPERIOR INTELLECT, SUCH AS MYSELF CAN USE THESE DRUGS WISELY!



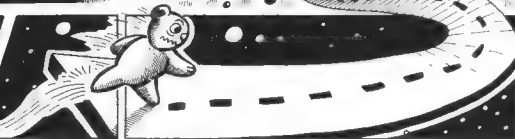
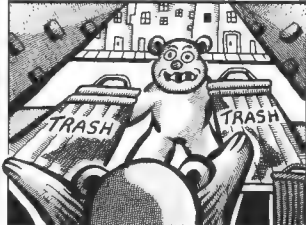


JOE AIELLO LUNGES SAVAGELY AND LANDS A BRASS KNUCKLED FIST DIRECTLY INTO POPOFF'S FACE AND SENDS HIM FLYING INTO A GROUP OF TRASH CANS. THICK RED BLOOD FLOWS DOWN HIS FOREHEAD AND RUNS INTO HIS EYES. POPOFF CURSES UNDER HIS BREATH.



K
A
B
L
A
M!

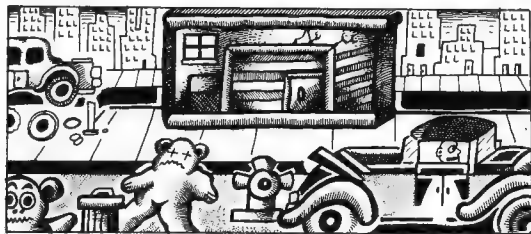
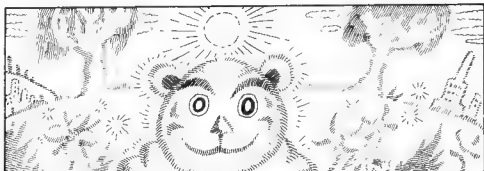
POPOFF STRAINS TO RISE AND RETURN THE PUNCH, BUT DIZZILY FALLS INTO ANOTHER TRASH CAN. JOE AIELLO GLARES DOWN AT HIM WITH A LOOK OF TOTAL SATISFACTION ON HIS FACE!





POPOFF
RUNS OFF AND
LEAVES THE
NEIGHBORHOOD,
THEN PROCEEDS
TO WALK UP A
STEEP HILL.

BETWEEN
NOE & SANCHEZ
STREETS AT
22ND, POPOFF
DISCOVERS A
HOUSE.



INSIDE THE HOUSE
POPOFF MEETS AN UN-
USUAL FELLOW NAMED
JERRY.

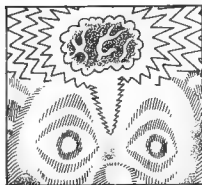
HEY MAN,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
HERE! TRY
SOME
SNORTS OF
THIS CRYSTAL
CRANK! IT'LL
WAKE YOU
UP! RIGHT
UP!



YEAH...YEAH! RIGHT! THATS
RIGHT! SNORT INWARD VERY
DEEPLY. OOOEE! BEAUTIFUL!!



AAAHH!
OOOOOOO...
THAT REAL
NICE!



SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!



SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!

OOOOOHA! THANKS
JERRY! THAT WAS LIKE
OUT OF THIS FUCKIN'
WORLD! BOY DO I FEEL
INCREDIBLE! I'M IN TUNE
WITH EVERYTHING A-
ROUND ME! FAR OUT!



HERE POPOFF! I'LL LEAVE YOU
A LITTLE PILE HERE FOR YOU TO
SNORT LATER. I'M GOING UPSTAIRS
TO LOOK AT MYSELF IN THE
BATHROOM MIRROR.



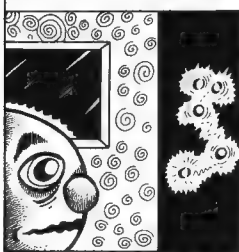
THANKS
JERRY! BZZZ
MM...WOW!



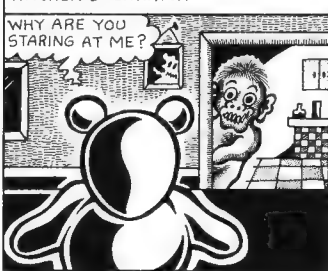
I THINK I'LL
STAYUP ALL NIGHT!



SO AS THE MINUTES AND
HOURS SPEED BY, POPOFF
SPENDS HIS TIME WATCHING
SPOTS ON THE WALL MOVE...

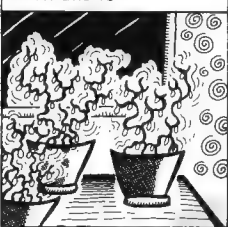


SEE'S A STRANGE INTENSE LOOKING
MAN STARING AT HIM AROUND THE
KITCHEN DOORWAY...



WHY ARE YOU
STARING AT ME?

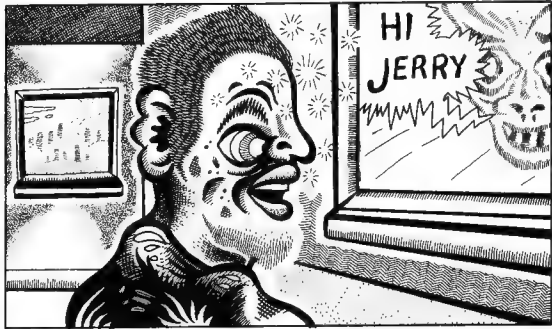
AND WATCHES THE
POTTED PLANTS BELOW
THE WINDOW DANCE AND
SWAY AS THE AIR COMES
ALIVE AND CRACKLES
WITH ENERGY.



TIME DISAPPEARS ON SPEED

MEANWHILE...

IN THE BATHROOM UPSTAIRS....





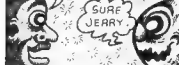
LIKE, FOLLOW A NEW PATH TO AWARENESS
AND KEEP YOUR SPEED AT TWO HUNDRED
AND FIFTY R.R.M.'S! SEE THAT YOUR AWARE-
NESS CAN BE MAGNIFIED THOUSANDS MORE
TIMES.



VERY EARLY THE NEXT
MORNING, JERRY COMES
DOWNSTAIRS AND ENTERS
THE LIVING ROOM TO FIND
POPOFF VERY SPACED OUT.



HEY! UN POPOFF! DO YOU
WANNA RIDE TO LOS ANGELES
WITH ME IN MY CAR?

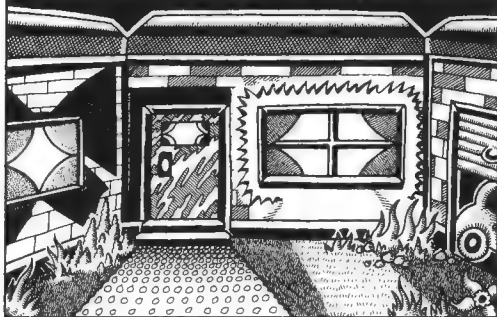


THE CITY IS SOON BEHIND
THEM AS THEY SPEED DOWN
A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS
STRETCH OF ROAD...





THAT NIGHT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS ONE OF TOTAL ECSTATIC INSANITY AS JERRY AND POPOFF SPEND THEIR TIME INSIDE A SUBURBAN HOUSE SNORTING AND SHOOTING MORE AND MORE SPEED!



JUST BEFORE DAWN POPOFF GETS CARRIED AWAY WITH HIMSELF AND WITH A FANATICAL DELIGHT FINISHES OFF A BAG OF CRANK.

POPOFF GAZES UP AT THE STARRY SKY.

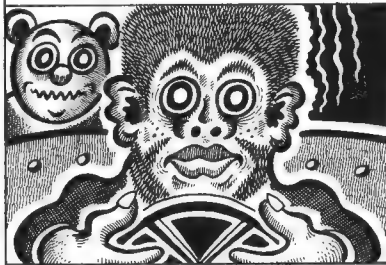


A FEW HOURS LATER....

C'MON POPOFF! LET'S HEAD BACK TO FRISCO. WE SHOULD MAKE IT BY TONIGHT.



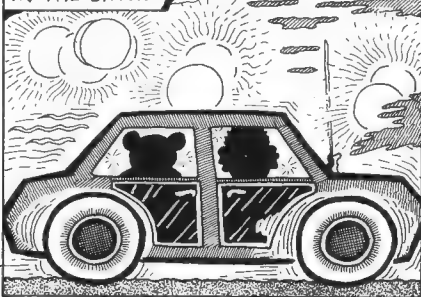
ON THE JOURNEY HOME, MONOTNY AND SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BOREDOM SETS IN. JERRY GAZES OUT AT THE LONG ROAD AHEAD AND BEGINS TO BECOME VERY SERIOUS AND DEPRESSED...



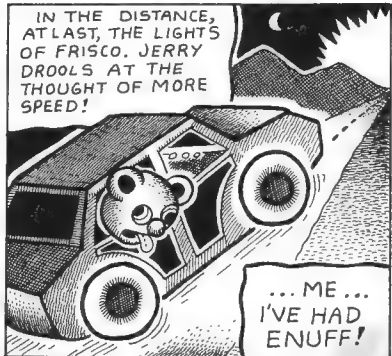
"MY BRAIN CELLS ARE TELLING ME ODD THINGS. THOUSANDS OF VOICES TALKING...."



"ME AND JERRY INTENTLY WATCH THE SETTING SUN AS IT JUMPS AROUND IN THE SKY..."



IN THE DISTANCE, AT LAST, THE LIGHTS OF FRISCO. JERRY DROOLS AT THE THOUGHT OF MORE SPEED!



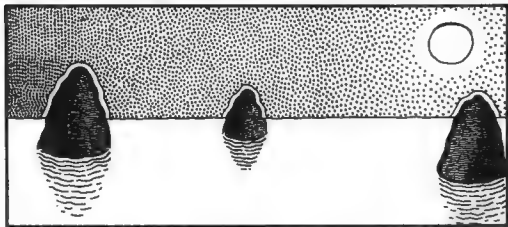
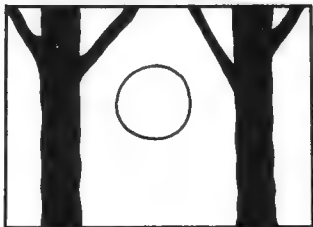
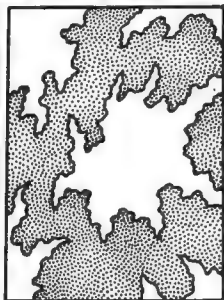
... ME ... I'VE HAD ENUFF!

R. HAYES



DR. POOH RASS,
RECENTLY HAS DISCOVERED A POTENT
MIND DRUG WHICH TENDS TO MAKE
ONE.....

DISCONNECT





• AS I SIT WITHIN **RASSCOURT**
 • **CASTLE** WRITING DOWN MY **FORMULAS**
 • AND **DISCOVERIES**, I FAINTLY HEAR
 • THE **SOUND** OF AN **AIRPLANE**
 • **ENGINE VIBRATING** THROU-
 • GHOUT THE **ATMOSPHERE**.

• **THIS SOUND** SO **COMPLETELY**
 • **ENVELOPES MY PRESENT STATE**
 • **OF MIND** THAT MY **SENSES** BE-
 • COME **LOCKED** IN A **STATE OF**
 • **SUSPENSION**.

~~~~~

.....



THE SOUND SOON  
FADES AWAY INTO  
THE EVER PRESENT  
SILENCE OF THIS  
AUGUST NIGHT,  
AND I SUDDENLY  
REALIZE HOW INVOLVED  
I'VE BEEN  
IN MY STUDIES,  
AND THE LATE-  
NESS OF THE  
HOUR.

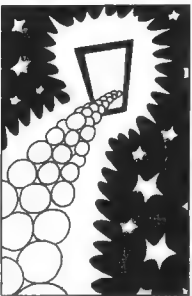
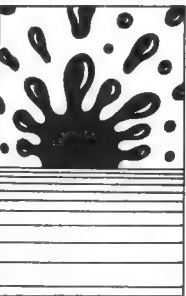
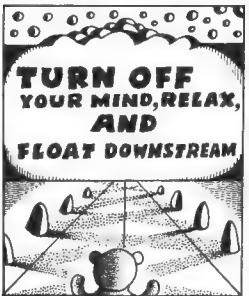
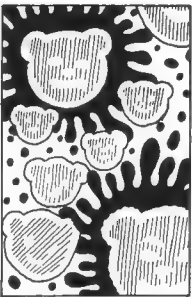
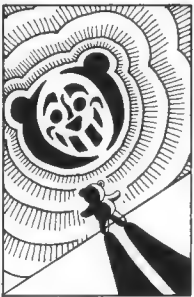
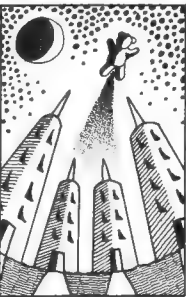
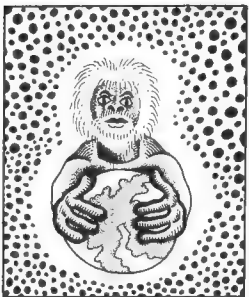
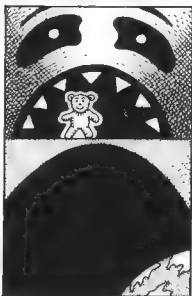
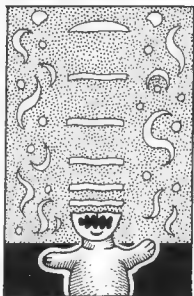
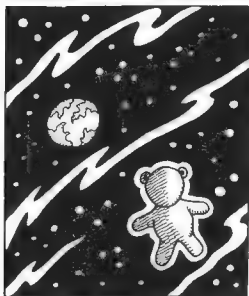
FOR THE PAST FIVE  
YEARS NOW I HAVE  
BEEN DEEPLY INTER-  
ESTED IN THE STUDY  
OF MIND EXPANSION.



I HAVE WRITTEN A  
SERIES OF BOOKSON  
THE SUBJECT AND  
HAVE BEEN DEVELO-  
PING AN EXTREME-  
LY POTENT MIND  
DRUG.



MY YEARS OF HARD  
LABOR ARE AT LAST  
REWARDED! THE  
DRUG IS READY AND  
I HAVE JUST INJECT-  
ED IT INTO MY  
SYSTEM.



COMICS-PLUS ALL THE LATEST GOOP!!

FREE! THE SUNDAY

LATE EDITION!



FOUR STAR FINAL

# BOGEYMAN TIMES

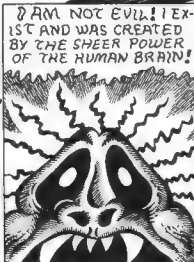
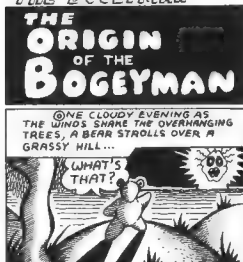


FOUR STAR FINAL

ALL THE NEWS NOW!

VOL. 1 1972

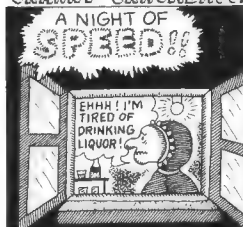
## THE BOGEYMAN



## by R. HAYES



## GRANNY CRACKLEDOY



## by R. HINT



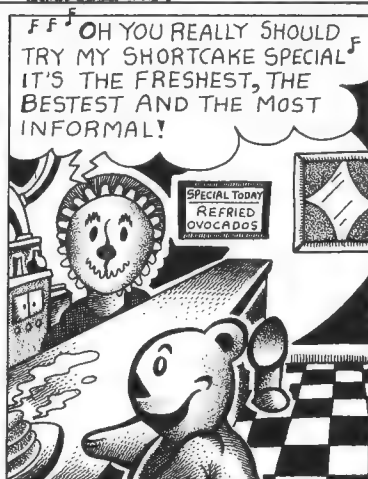
## FOOT RACE



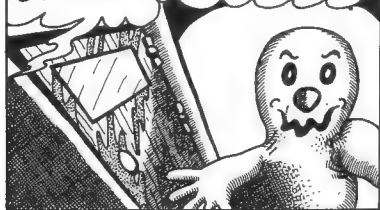
## by R. HINGE



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HERE COMES MY SHORTER BROTHER, SHORTY DOODLE, TO GET HIS DAILY HIT, THE SHORT-SHORT CHOCOLATE MILKSHAKE SPECIAL. ALA GRANNY CRACKBAGGY STYLE!!!



HI YA GANG!  
HOWS' TRICKS?



THIS TABLE IS WAY TOO SHORT FOR THE LIKES OF ME!



DUH... YOU SHORT CHANGED ME! WHATS DA BIG IDEA!!!

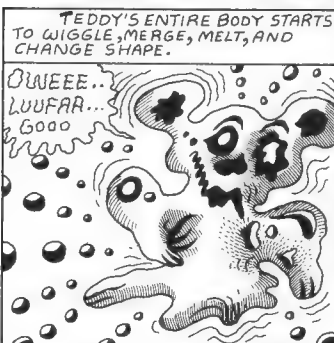
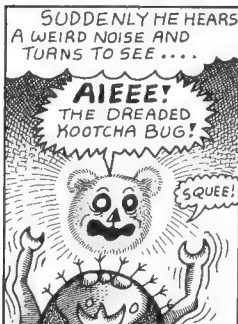
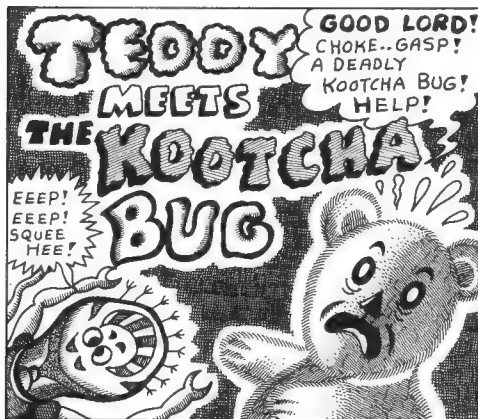


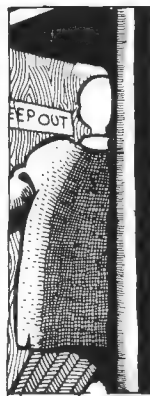
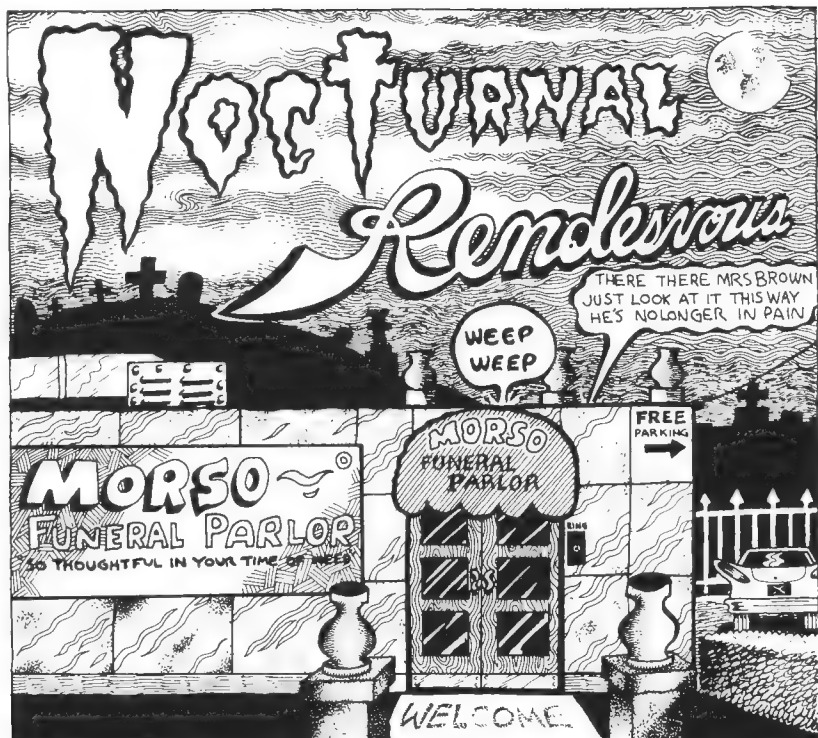
AT THE END OF THE COUNTER AN OUTRAGED CUSTOMER BURSTS INTO ANGER AND JUMPS UP.

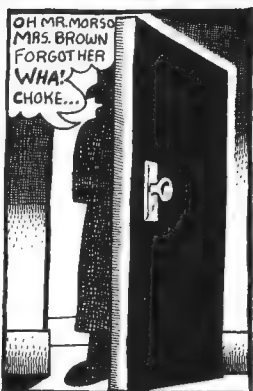


CRASH!  
POW!  
CRUNCH!  
BLAM!  
GAM!





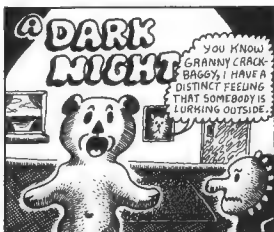




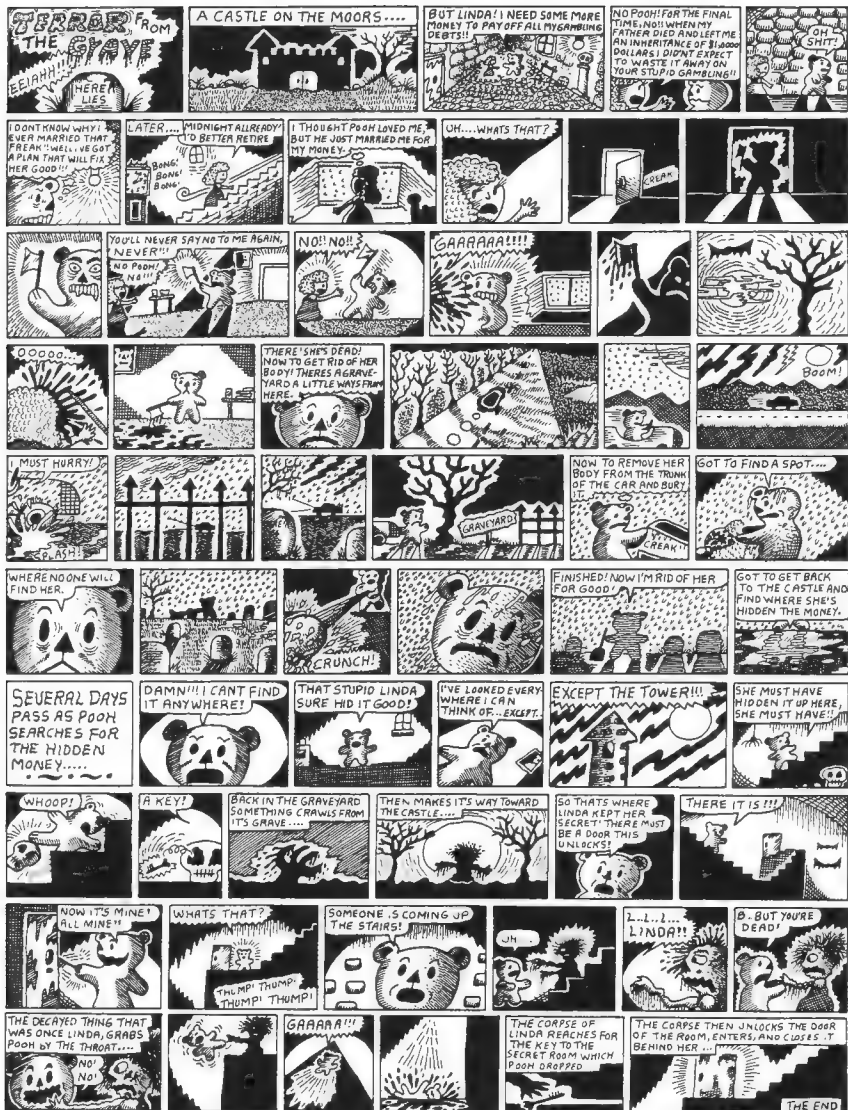
R. RAYES + SPAIN



R. HAYES (75)

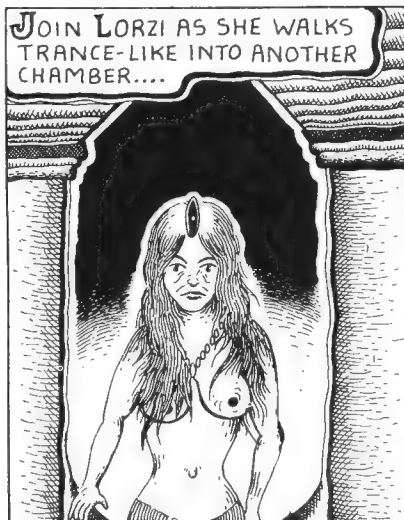


R. HAYES (76)

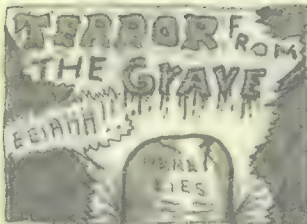


MUCH THANK TO GARY ARLINGTON

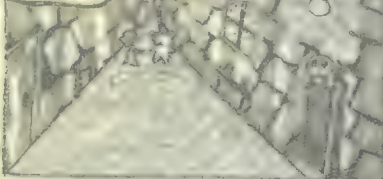
R. HAYES



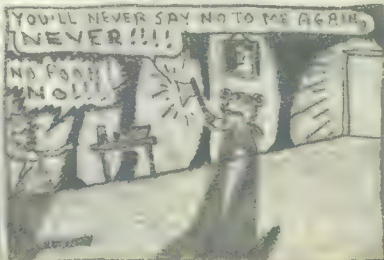
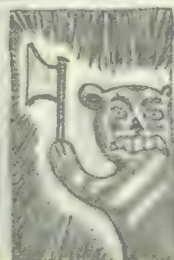
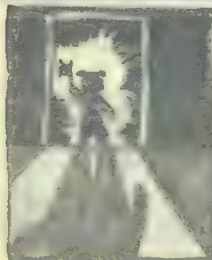
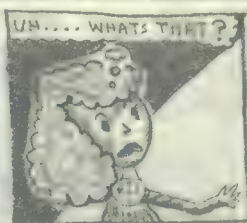
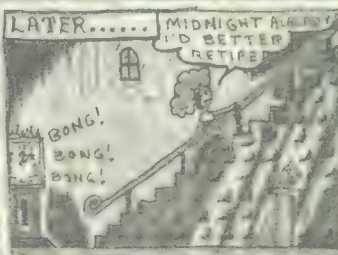
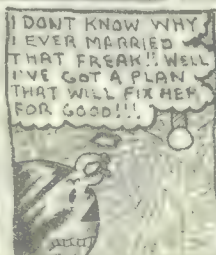
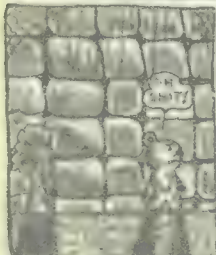


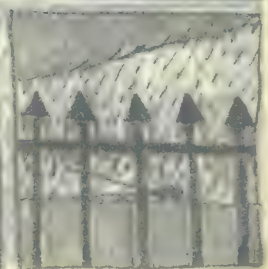
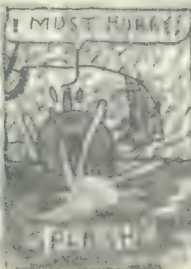
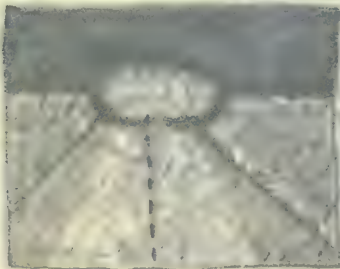
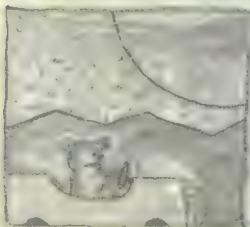
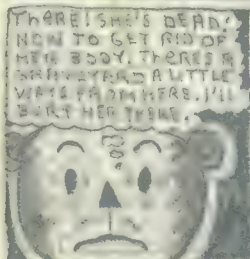
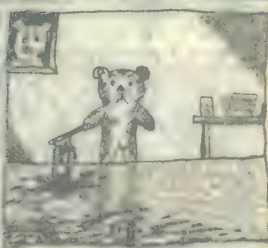
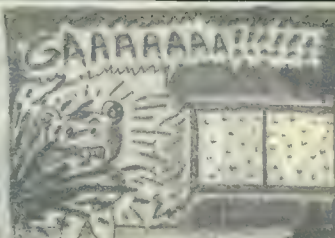
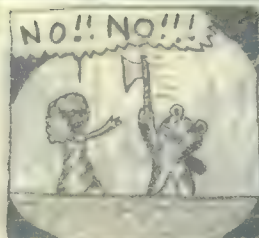


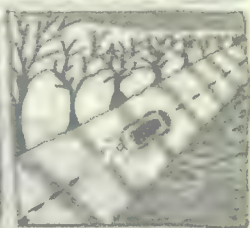
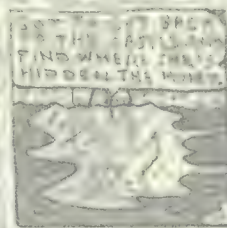
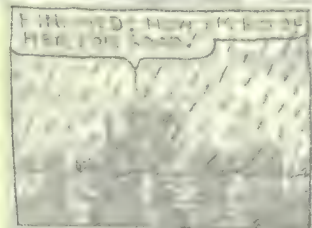
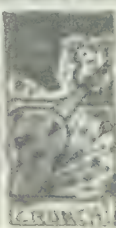
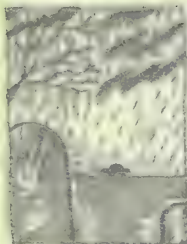
BUT LINDA! I NEED SOME MORE MONEY TO PAY OFF ALL MY GAMBLING DEBTS!!



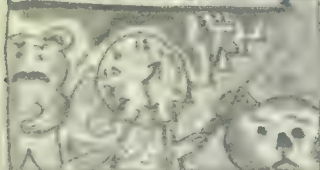
NO POOH! FOR THE FINAL TIME, NO!! WHEN MY FATHER DIED AND LEFT ME THIS CASTLE, AND AN INHERITANCE OF \$1,000 DOLLARS, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO WASTE IT AWAY ON YOUR STUPID GAMBLING!!







SEVERAL DAYS PASS AS POOH SEARCHES FOR HIS HIDDEN MONEY...



DAMN!! I CANT FIND IT ANYWHERE



THAT STUPID LINDA SURE HID IT GOOD!!



I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE I CAN THINK OF... EXCEPT...



EXCEPT THE TOWER!!!



SHE MUST HAVE HIDDEN IT UP HERE! SHE MUST HAVE!!!



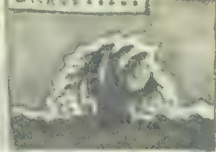
WHOOPS!



A KEY!



BACK IN THE GRAVEYARD SOMETHING CRAWLS FROM IT'S GRAVE.....



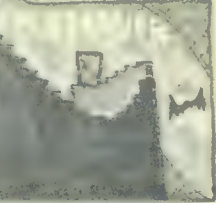
THEN MAKES IT'S WAY TOWARD THE CASTLE....



SO THATS WHAT LINDA WENT HER SECRET! THERE MUST BE A DOOR OR SOMETHING THIS UNUSUAL



THERE IT IS!!!



NOW ITS MINE! ALL MINE!!



WHAT'S THAT?

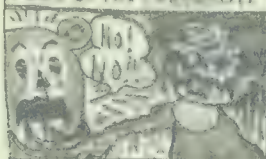


SOMEONE IS COMING UP THE STAIRS!





THE DECAYED THING THAT WAS ONCE LINDA, GIBBS POOH BY THE...



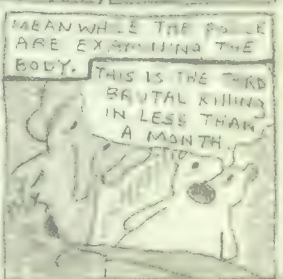
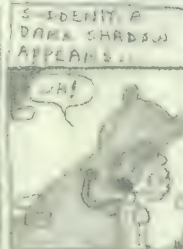
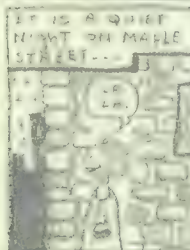
THE CORPSE OF LINDA REACHES DOWN FOR THE KEY TO THE SECRET ROOM WHICH POOH DROPPED.



THE CORPSE THEN UNLOCKS THE DOOR OF THE ROOM, ENTERS, AND CLOSES IT BEHIND HER.



NOW AN ADDED OFFER HAS BEEN ENTITLED.





**HORROR IN THE BLOOD VEIN**

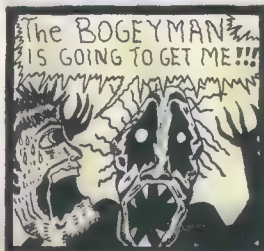


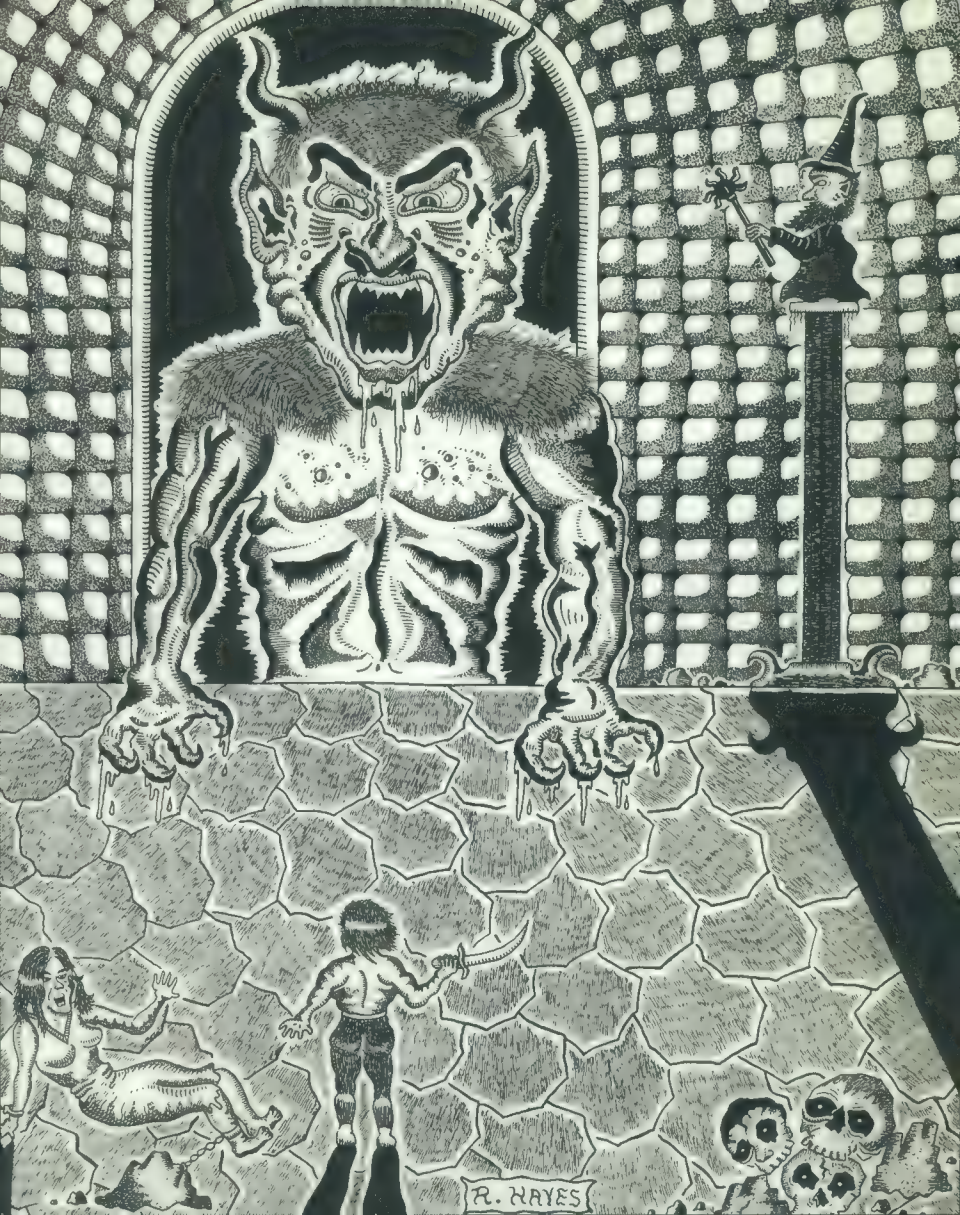
# **BOGEYMAN**



**No. 1. COMICS** TM

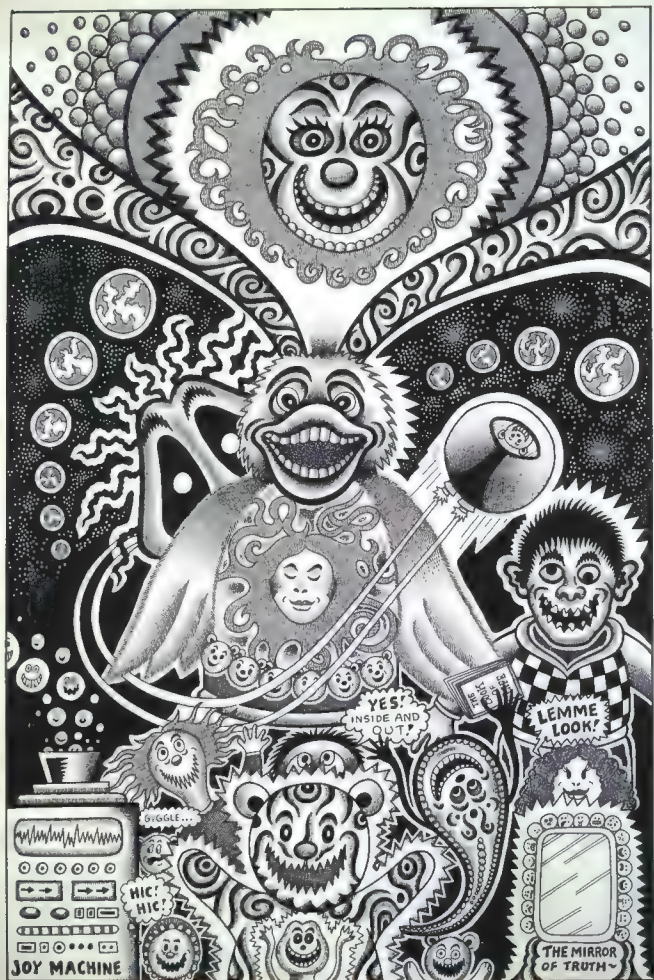
**35¢**





R. HAYES





MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

FROM  
RORY





R. HAYES '68



# Rory

by David Henry Hogg

It is an unusually warm morning in San Francisco. My parents are sitting on the back porch reading the paper, sipping coffee. Suddenly, there is the sound of broken glass as I come flying through the closed window behind them. A surreal moment, it's difficult to tell who is more stunned — my parents or me.

While nearly the entire window is gone, I have only minor cuts. Typically, the one who will suffer as a result of this outburst is my brother Rory, who has pushed me.

Rory and I love each other, but, like all brothers, we fight, both verbally and physically. Being older, I can whip him pretty easily, but I lack his explosive temperament. I kind of enjoy a good fight. My friend Billy from down the block and I go at it from time to time and are evenly matched. With Rory I often walk away before it comes to blows. Sometimes, he chases after me.

A couple of years later, in a different house, chasing me again, enraged about something, Rory puts his hand through a paneled-glass door. He isn't as fortunate in his glass-breaking experience as I have been. There is blood — lots of it — a visit to the Emergency Room, and many stitches, which leave a permanent scar on his right palm.

Rory screams. Rory yells when he doesn't get his way.

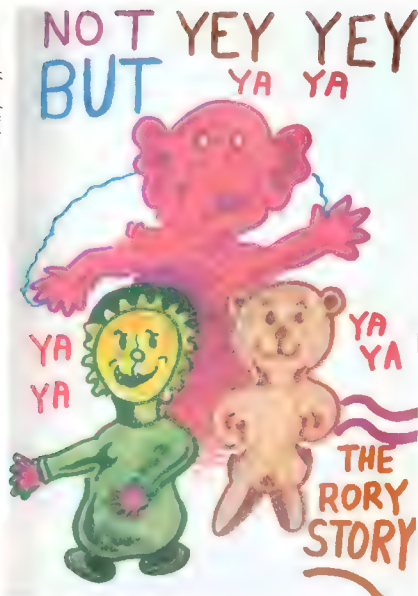
Rory roars. It's as if he'd been born angry.

Not that he doesn't have reason. From the beginning, Rory is odd, sensitive and shy. His birth is difficult, whereas mine had been easy, and he is born with his left eye crossed. As a toddler Rory has to wear glasses and an eye-patch over his good eye in hopes of strengthening the bad one. It doesn't work, and over time Rory will end up losing most of the sight in his left eye. His main disappointment is that he can't fully appreciate 3-D films. Ironically, when our father is in his mid-forties, he loses the vision in his *right* eye, the result of a botched cataract operation.

Rory continues to wear glasses until he is eight or nine. Glasses were more reflective then. The glare off the glasses throws him into paroxysms of frustration. There is a photograph of Rory, aged two, sitting on a swing wearing his glasses and eye-patch and screaming.

We don't know our paternal grandparents who live in Brooklyn. It is the 1950s and cross-country trips are uncommon, especially for families with modest incomes. The best we get is a phone call at Christmas.

Our maternal grandparents, however, live down in Los Angeles, and my mother's mother is a major player in our lives. Domineering, opinionated and neurotic, when I am born she decides that I am Heaven-on-Earth. Her love for me is possessive, excessive and not a little carnal. She and



Mom have never gotten along, but since our family is small — just Mom's brother Bob and his family, who also live in L.A., and us — they go through the motions.

Looking back, I suppose I resent my grandmother for objectifying me, for pawing me constantly, but at the time, I am willing to endure the smothering to get the treats. After all, what kid doesn't like to feel special?

When Rory arrives eighteen months after me, our grandmother hates him on sight because he reminds her of our father whom she loathes. I don't think there was ever a particular issue between her and Dad. She just flat-out doesn't like him. Dad, to his credit and her irritation, refuses to engage in her arguments. His pet name for her when she isn't around is "Bitchy-Drawers," but he rarely talks about her.

Nor does Rory. Rory clearly has no love for this grandmother, yet I never hear him bad-mouth her. Most miraculously, he never seems to resent me because of my preferred status. I am his older brother, after all — as outgoing as he is withdrawn. I star in school plays. Rory gets sent home with teacher's notes.

I have been blessed with the ability to make friends. But as our family is always moving from house to house,

all within the confines of San Francisco, I find it difficult to maintain friendships and bond closer to Rory. By the time I am twelve and Rory ten, we have moved eleven times! There is never a practical reason. Our parents are simply restless, dissatisfied, hoping the next "place" will improve their lives; still, no matter where we live, they manage to create a safe, warm environment. I feel secure and well cared for and am pleased to have such a young, pretty mother. She's not really *that* young, having married at twenty-six — but compared to other mothers she seems youthful and vivacious.

From early on, Rory and I draw. We draw for each other. We collaborate on wordless picture-stories before we are able to write. Our heroine, Little Miss Lady, stars in a series of adventures where she is set upon by villains (often a devil) and must survive one peril after another.

Both Mom and Dad have artistic bents. Mom draws pictures and paper-dolls for us when we are little. One night while I sleep she sews me a hand puppet which I discover on my pillow in the morning. She makes Rory a sock-doll that he dubs "Lady Viniver." While I hear that Dad was quite the artist in his youth, I never see any evidence of this — except for an occasional telephone doodle. Mom and Dad don't exactly go out of their way to encourage our creativity, but neither do they censor it.

Certainly, Mom fosters in us a love of storytelling. Long after we can read ourselves, she continues to read to us almost nightly, Rory and I sitting on either side of her on the sofa — a cozy shared experience.

Mom is an excellent reader. He voice has much inflection, yet she doesn't "act-out" or "act-up" as our father does on those rare occasions when he tries to read to us. Rory and I find his shenanigans annoying. None of his goofy voices fit the characters. We are put off by these attempts to endear himself to us. Mom, on the other hand, simply gets out of the way and reads the story. From her I acquire a love of words, their rhythms and cadences.

Rory doesn't share my fascination with fairy tales and Disney animation, but in everything else our interests coincide. We both love comic books (*Little Lulu*, *Uncle Scrooge*, *Sugar and Spike*), horror and fantasy films, robots, giant monsters, glider planes, amusement parks and fanzines.

Our work reflects this. When we begin to write as well as draw (I am nine, Rory seven) our first hero is one of our stuffed dolls, a teddy bear called "Patrick Pooh," named after Revolutionary War hero Patrick Henry (the name of our grade school) and Milne's bear. Originally more of a Dennis The Menace type, he mellows over time and becomes a heroic figure, a child having child adventures, and, when called upon, a vampire-slayer, a Super Hero, a hard-boiled detective, or a mad scientist.

Mom, still and always, much of a child herself, likes many of the same things we like — especially the same

types of movies. Since Dad works the nightshift at an upscale Italian restaurant and sleeps most of the day, we see little of him, making him seem ever more of a stranger. We spend most of our time with Mom.

She plays the part of the adult admirably: in charge, stern when she needs to be, protective, helpful and responsible. But this is a façade she maintains only because she has to. Once Rory and I are grown, her role of mother no longer needed, she reverts back to the child she never left, at least, emotionally. Still, that is in the future. In the meantime, her child-like interests make her the ideal companion.

It is summer again, this time in Brisbane, a small town just south of San Francisco and the only time we will ever live outside the city. Rory is sitting in the tree in our front yard. He has been there for nearly an hour, lost in his own world. Occasionally, he emits spontaneous Tourette's Syndrome types of sounds.

It is the same year and in the same house that Rory will put his hand through the paneled glass door. Mom and Dad have recently taken Rory to see a psychiatrist because his behavior has grown bizarre. He withdraws into himself, getting a vacant look in his eyes, and has begun to form a collection of "habits." For instance, every time a car passes

the house, he must make a small grunting noise and tap the ground twice (in the tree I'm guessing that would be a branch), a superstitious, protective ritual.

It is the 1950s. There is limited knowledge of personality disorders and no safe medications to alleviate mood swings. The psychiatrist puts Rory through a series of cognitive tests, asks questions, determines there is nothing to be concerned about and sends him home. At least, that's the story I get. In any event, my parents decide not to pursue things further, hoping that what we all (Rory included) refer to as his "nutty habits" are just a phase he will outgrow — which, in a couple of years, he does.

I am twelve. For the first time, Rory and I are in different schools. This contributes to Rory's general anxiety. He is awkward, never a teacher's favorite (they don't have patience with him) and his shyness is an invitation for getting picked on by other kids.

A recent horror movie our family saw together at the drive-in has surprisingly upset him. It is *The Blob*, starring Steve McQueen. Rory is terrified that the Blob has somehow entered his bedroom at night and is hanging on the ceiling directly above him.

I like living in Brisbane. Rory doesn't. It makes no difference; after a single year, we are back in the city.

"A Fear of Froaks," Arcade #6, 1976

# A FEAR OF FROAKS



STORY BY GEOFFREY HAYES

© ART BY R. HAYES

Puberty, far from separating us, brings us closer together. Soon, I am in Junior High and miserable. The awkwardness of adolescence has robbed me of the ability to make friends. For the next three years, Rory will be my *only* friend. Here is where our childhood becomes extended. As a defense against the onset of sex and adult responsibility, Rory and I fortify our inner creative world. We still own almost all of our old stuffed toys. By now, they each have distinct personalities and become stock players in the stories and plays we write. We aren't the first siblings to share an imaginary universe; although, of course I don't know this at the time.

Our world feels private and sacred. While kids in the 1960s grew up slower than they do today, both Rory and I are aware that our contemporaries certainly aren't playing

# THE FILM CAREER OF PATRICK POOH

with dolls. But to us it all feels normal. It all feels necessary.

We produce posters to our imaginary films (we won't have an 8mm camera for several years yet), fanzines to discuss them in, and comic books. One of my earliest is about a prehistoric monster that comes to life and terrorizes a city—I don't remember the title—and a pirate epic called "The Treasure of Lagoon Island."

Both huge fans of Chester Gould's *Dick Tracy*, we create our own versions: mine, a human detective named Frank Poole, and Rory's a teddy bear called "Dick Pooh." Rory is more prolific, creating a series of Dick Pooh adventures. I ultimately abandon Frank Poole and write some "Dick Pooh" stories of my own.

Our literary tastes are quirky. Young Adult novels don't exist in those days, so at thirteen or fourteen we plunge into adult books. I've passed my Mark Twain/Robert Louis Stevenson phase and read *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Rory, not surprisingly, loves M. R. James, Poe and a book called *The Victorian Chaise Lounge* by Marghanita Laski.

For about six months we focus on Shakespeare. Our parents own limited editions of his First Folio, beautifully illustrated, each play in a separate volume. We spend hours reading the plays aloud into a tape recorder, sharing the various parts. Our favorites: *Julius Caesar* and *The Tempest*.

Around this time we became interested in "film" as opposed to "movies." We study editing techniques and cinematography. Rory's favorite director is Federico Fellini, especially his film *Juliet of the Spirits*. Plot has never been one of Rory's strong points so I think he relates to Fellini's amorphous method of storytelling. He is both fascinated and amused by the "New Wave" cinema, Jean-Luc Godard in particular, and draws a poster for an imaginary experimental film called *Monotonous*. The poster is just the word "monotonous" written over and over. Even Rory's encapsulation of the plot in one of his magazines is funny: "A bear and some people do things."

I have begun to draw people, but with Rory it is always bears. He has developed a shorthand way of drawing them and seems content to repeat this template regardless of the story.

The man at the door, a stranger, asks, "Are you Mrs. Hayes? Do you have a son named Rory? I'm afraid there's been an accident."

It's mid-afternoon. Fortunately Mom, who works as a secretary off and on, is home this day.

Riding his bike down a steep part of Cortland Avenue, Rory has taken a tumble and collided with the fender of a parked car. Again, there is much blood, more stitches, and because he has had a concussion, an overnight stay in the hospital.

That night in our kitchen, Mom tells me, "I know it sounds dramatic, but I've always felt that Rory is never go-





Monsters and Ghouls #3, undated



ing to make it to adulthood."

Mom is dramatic, but this time I can tell that her concern is genuine. She sees me as more of an equal. With Rory it's as if she's always trying to correct something, save him, often to adverse effect.

Rory comes home from the hospital, with another scar — this one in the middle of his forehead. He recuperates, and we continue creating our world. I am the more facile artist, but my art is derivative and superficial. Only the stuff I do with Rory has guts.

Rory's work is and always has been his own. It arrives from some deep place directly upon the page, bypassing his conscious mind, unvarnished and unapologetic. I am aware of this and envious. I begin copying the way Rory draws shadows. For a while our work is so similar that years later I have difficulty telling some of our drawings apart. Nor am I the only one. A few of my published pieces are attributed to Rory; particularly a giant monster spoof I draw for *Bogeyman* #2 called "The Rag" and two panels from a story called "The Purple Money Grabber." The latter is Rory's story. The inks are his; the pencils mine.

Rory is drawing in earnest now, producing numerous posters, comic stories and four issues of a small magazine he calls *Monsters and Ghouls*, a parody of Forrest J. Ackerman's *Famous Monsters of Filmland*.

Next, he begins his most ambitious project, a magazine chronicling the comings and goings of all our characters: *The Dolls Weekly*. The first three issues do come out weekly (or thereabouts); however, as Rory's art flowers, the magazine expands in length and complexity and the issues grow farther and farther apart. Over the next couple of years, he will produce ten issues total.

Like *Monsters and Ghouls*, the bulk of *The Dolls Weekly* is devoted to discussions of numerous imaginary films, with emphasis on Horror and Science Fiction. But there are also Letters to the Editor, news articles, biographies, puzzles, poems, even advertisements, subscription forms, and copy-righted material.

When I am fourteen I buy an 8mm camera and Rory and I begin filming home movies. Some use our dolls as actors, with miniature sets and props. Others star the two of us, our parents, and any one else we can recruit. Many



drawn a large X across Dad's smiling countenance.

Then we hear something outside the back door. Rory is there, sitting on the steps, crying.

What had happened was this: He'd taken a bus all the way to the beach to one of his favorite spots, an amusement park called "Playland." There, he freaked out and came home, but had forgotten his key and found himself locked out. A drama over before it began, really. But for Rory this is a kind of mini-breakdown, an explosion of rage that plays itself out in a relatively harmless fashion.

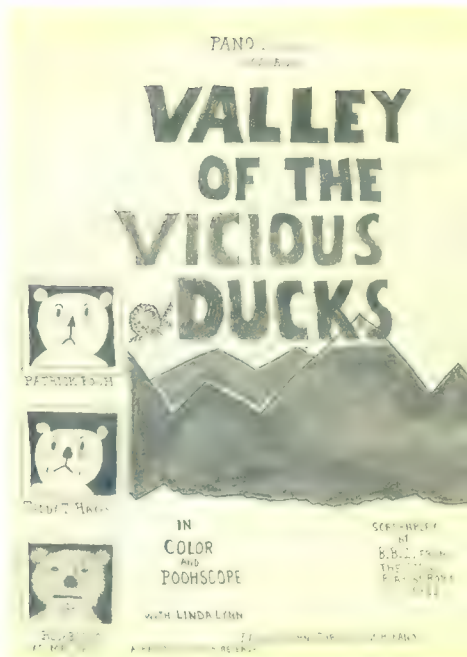
From this point onwards, Rory's anger begins to abate. He grows into a quiet, shy and polite young man, the only signs of his former anger still evident in his art. I see this as Rory's first significant release of his demons; the second and most cathartic (the notorious *Cunt Comics*) is still a few years away.

When Dad comes home in the wee hours, he and Mom talk. As in the case with the psychiatrist a few years before, they decide to do nothing. They give Rory a token punishment so he will appreciate the severity of his actions, however in choosing not to overemphasize the problem, they are attempting to do what's best for Rory.

Yet Mom simply can't remain passive. She decides that it will be better for Rory if he is taken out of school and authorizes his dropping out of high school in his sophomore year. He is not home-schooled, but tries rather unsuccessfully to land a job.

After graduation, I, too, make the rounds job-hunting. Mom and Dad aren't keen on my going to college. Similarly, they pooch-pooh an art scholarship I won in High School for a summer session at the San Francisco Academy of Art. It's not that they don't want me to succeed. They just seem to have a distrust of formal education and anything too "establishment." In their own way, they are hippies before there are hippies. Specifically, they don't want to pay for further education, preferring I get a job and contribute to the household expenses. I resent this. By now I am clear that I want to be an author/illustrator, so on impulse I cash in a savings bond and buy a one-way ticket to New York City. My goal is to get published and attend Hunter College in Manhattan. In doing this, I am the one to bring closure to our childhood. Sort of. Six months later Rory follows me, again at Mom's urging.

For a few months we share a room in a small residential hotel not far from Grand Central Station. Later, we find a one-bedroom apartment in a Hassidic neighborhood in Brooklyn for seventy-five dollars a month. I work in the copy room of Harcourt publishers (then Harcourt, Brace and World). Rory gets a job as a messenger for Stanley Warner, a movie theater chain. We continue writing and creating stories together, even though larger interests occupy me — continuing my education, exploring my sexuality, and polishing my writing skills.



Rory's artwork drops off. Mainly what he produces such as posters or props are related to some film he is working on. His primary interest is collecting 8mm movies. Before the days of video, the studios released excerpts from a handful of older films. You could only get at most ten minutes worth from any given film. Most of the ones he buys are only about three minutes.

During his stay in New York, Rory works on three major projects — all 8mm films with accompanying posters, stories and press releases:

- Lost At Sea
  - Valley of the Vicious Ducks
  - So That's Where Demented Went
- [last word *not* a typo!]

All star our doll characters, a few of which have actually traveled to New York with Rory. He also directs me in one of our psycho-killer parodies on our rooftop in Brooklyn. I forget the title. *The Roof*, probably.



After a year and a half, Rory returns to San Francisco, effectively lowering the curtain on our childhood's last act.

A curious incident: a couple of weeks before coming to New York, Rory orders a poster of Uncle Creepy. Uncle Creepy is the mascot of *Creepy Magazine* — a high-class horror comic. Well, it doesn't arrive before he leaves. For months afterwards, every time he talks to Mom long-distance he asks her if his Uncle Creepy poster has come, but she always says no. Finally, he decides that his order had gotten lost and forgets about it. Two days after Rory returns from New York, the Uncle Creepy poster arrives in the mail! Maybe, a sign that Rory's destiny lies on the West Coast. After all, he is about to create his own version of Uncle Creepy.

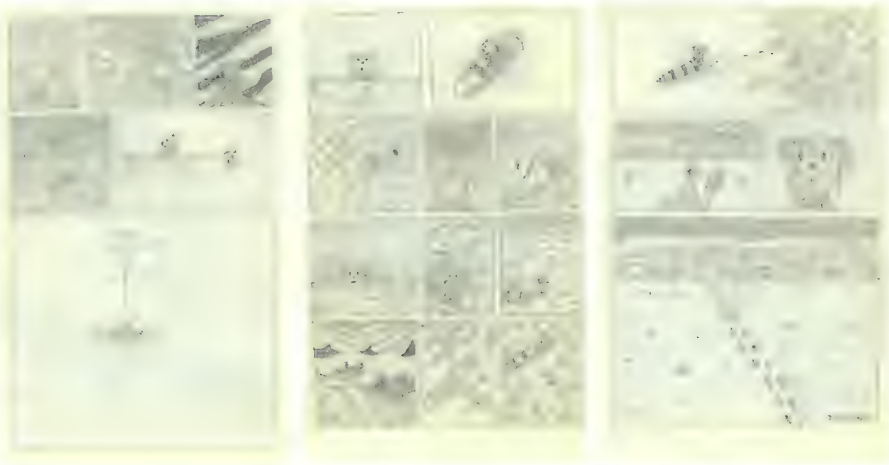
While I have made a conscious decision to continue our creative legacy by using our characters and ideas in published books, a new direction awaits Rory. He will close the door on his childhood forever to delve into the darkness of his soul.

I am not the best person to speak about Rory's later years as I continued to live in New York. I did return to California for a couple of years around 1970. By then, Rory and I each had our own crowd, although spiritually we remained close. Even when he learned that I was gay his love for me was undiminished.

Shortly after his return to San Francisco, Rory discovered Gary Arlington's "San Francisco Comic Book Company" on 24<sup>th</sup> street in the Mission. He and Gary became friends and Rory showed Gary a new comic story he was working on influenced by the old EC comic books. At the time, with the emergence of the Hippie movement and underground comics, EC was held up as the standard of free expression. They had come under such censorship during the 1950s that they were ultimately forced to suspend production. And Gary Arlington loved them and saw in Rory's work a similar uninhibited energy.

Gary was impressed enough to offer to publish a book of Rory's stories if Rory would agree to re-do his first story in pen and ink. Rory jumped at the chance. He had never used a drawing pen before. All his work prior to this time had been done in pencil. It must have been labor intensive for him. He'd also rarely drawn human figures. Not long after completing what was to become *Bogeyman Comics* Rory discovered Rapidograph pens, which most of the other underground artists used, and he never again bothered with traditional drawing pens.

*Bogeyman* #1 was a continuation of the kind of stuff Rory had been doing as a teenager, albeit rather more gruesome since he was emulating the old EC Comics line. It wasn't so much an underground comic as a retro take on old horror comics, but it got him noticed by the growing number of underground artists then living in San Francisco. Not all the artists admired his work, although they envied its visceral quality. Most significantly, Robert Crumb was a



fan and became a friend. Soon Rory was getting work illustrating a page or two for various publications. Not surprisingly, given the times and the culture, he started using drugs.

I can't say how he started — marijuana probably. I do know that by the time I returned to San Francisco in the early '70s, he was into speed, as was his girlfriend, and he later told me that he had dropped acid.

Drugs seemed to liberate Rory so that he could unleash his demons full-force. It's only at this point that he began referring to his art as a release or an expression. It wasn't until "Bogeyman" that Rory even considered himself an artist. Prior to this, drawing was just something he did.

Drugs must have been a revelation to Rory. We grew up in an alcohol-free household. It's telling, when I think back, that as teenagers, while we were frequently home alone, it never occurred to us to investigate the unopened bottles of liquor — Christmas gifts from co-workers — our parents stuck in the kitchen cabinets and forgot about. Nor were we curious to try cigarettes. This may have been a reaction to our father, a chain-smoker, who always left a trail of dirty ashtrays all over the house.

Whereas Rory's take on things was always original, it was tempered somewhat by what we shared creatively. Freed from the restrictions of our shared world and empowered by drugs, he was able to delve into a universe of his wildest imaginings. While he sometimes used the same names as our characters, they held little resemblance to their original counterparts. Granny Crackbaggy, for in-

stance, was just a nonsense name, invented before "crack" or "baggies" existed. I even used her with that name in a couple of my early published children's books, something I could never get away with now.

I was shocked and put-off by Rory's underground work, as were many people. It wasn't until a few years later when I began experimenting with drugs myself and used them to unlock my own creative demons in my sketches and journals that I could appreciate what he was doing. Unlike Rory my published work remained relatively tame.

My drug of choice was marijuana — although I experimented with other things, primarily psychedelics. While I did a few tabs of acid that were cut with speed, I have always had a rather hyped-up metabolism, so speed itself and cocaine held no appeal for me.

What set Rory's work apart was its intensity, not necessarily what he was depicting. The closest Rory ever came to writing a children's book was a small comic he did called *Lost At Sea*. It was based on an 8mm film of the same name about a teddy bear who takes a small boat out on the ocean. A storm ensues, the bear is lost, then finds his way home. The film alternates between shots taken in our bathtub in Brooklyn and location photography at Coney Island. Rory went out there alone one gloomy day with just his camera, the teddy and a toy boat, and was quite proud of his work. Sadly, like all the movies we made, this film no longer exists; but the comic still does. There is nothing violent, strange or scary about the story — and yet Rory's panels are among the most dramatic and well-composed he ever did.



Following closely on the heels of *Bogeyman* # 1, Rory produced a book that was to forever cement his reputation as a deeply disturbed artist. This would be the infamous *Cunt Comics*. These days *Cunt Comics* could be the name of a lesbian graphic novel, but at the time (1969-70) it was about as bold, filthy, and in-your-face as you could get.

Had Rory not been hanging with a new crowd, I'm sure he would have been content to go on drawing teddy bears in bizarre situations. However, now, partly to prove himself to his peers, he was encouraged to branch out. It may have been suggested that he try doing more humans and try drawing something sexual. After all, weren't most Underground Comics sexual? This, plus the fact that Rory was still a virgin, all conspired to push him in a new direction. Rory, being Rory, took the idea and ran with it.

*Cunt Comics* is like no other comic book ever produced. Small, almost pocket-sized, it eschews story telling (never one of Rory's strong points) for a series of raw, graphic, and frequently violent sequences and single panels. It is a depraved work, no question (The Marquis de Sade would have loved it!). Because of his inhibitions Rory dealt with his fears the only way he knew how — through his art. While *Cunt Comics* seems like a work of insanity, I believe it was a means for Rory to avoid insanity, gaining power

over his demons by expressing them.

Growing up with our grandmother, it's not surprising that Rory's images are misogynistic. This, coupled with his shyness, probably caused him to feel intimidated around women. Yet, I never heard him utter a sexist remark. And he was closer to our mother than I was. It's as if in addition to his own issues, he was tapping into the collective hatred and distrust of women that men have carried since the dawn of time. He was releasing it like excrement. For Rory, *Cunt Comics* must have been one huge, satisfying dump.

After multiple pages of sex as anger, sex as violence, he comes to the end of the book and what does he show? A single panel of a nude man and woman. They are on a hill, backs to us, looking up at the stars. Above them, male and female genitalia are depicted in the heavens as constellations. It's a serene picture. Gone is the urgency of sex, the frustration, the rage, and what we are left with is male and female at its most elemental, spiritual level. It's as if after a wild ride through hell, Rory had reached an apotheosis. Certainly, he was never again to do anything as visceral and sustained as *Cunt Comics*. The rage he'd carried since childhood was gone, replaced perhaps not by peace but by resignation. The works that followed were strong (at first). Rory wasn't done delving into his fear and alienation, yet

for him, *Cunt Comics* was a breakthrough as well as an apex. I think it's fitting that shortly before publication most of Rory's original artwork for it was destroyed in a fire at the publishers. The art was consumed and released as his anger had been. There was nothing left now, but a slow decline.

There are few child-like qualities to Rory's underground art. Some images in his panels have a simple, innocent feel to them, in the way that Keith Haring's images are both child-like and not at the same time. But they come from a place outside childhood. For Rory, the Long Childhood was over. He was entering H.P. Lovecraft territory.

There was never a time that we stopped being friends, even in his last decade when I was living in New York and Rory in San Francisco. We still wrote to each other and I tried to include as many sketches of our characters as I could. (Rory, strapped for cash, later sold most of these sketches to Alfred Bergdoll. I don't think he passed them off as his own.) Due partly to the distance and Rory's itinerant lifestyle, we went for long periods when we didn't communicate. I last saw him when he came to visit me about a year before he died. By then, he was almost a street person. He seemed to have given up on bathing and was drawing further into himself. I have memories of him sitting on my sofa playing PacMan for hours at a time.

It's a familiar story, a sibling spiraling downwards because of drug dependency. It was clear to me then, as it had been for some time, that Rory just didn't want to be here — on this planet, leading this life. His reliance on "downers" was a 180-degree turn from his early days of Speed. I could tell on that last visit that he was quietly looking for a way out. Rory was too much of a coward to consciously commit suicide. I say that affectionately. For all the gore he drew on the page, he was surprisingly squeamish.

When we were pre-teens, we came across a story in *The National Enquirer* concerning a young African American boy who had been killed when he fell in front of a New York subway train. *The Enquirer*, a much more lurid paper in those days, showed a photograph of a policeman holding the boy's decapitated head. This image haunted Rory for weeks. In art, he thought dark and scary stuff was "cool." But in real life, tragedies and psychos disturbed him greatly.

Rory loved the title of a play by the British dramatist Christopher Fry called *The Dark is Light Enough*. He never actually read the play, but he thought the title was, to use his favorite word, "superb." I could tell it had a meaning for him beyond what I could fathom.

I happened to be visiting San Francisco when Rory died, although we hadn't yet connected. Mom called from L.A. where she was staying with her brother, Bob, to tell me the news. She said that Rory had had an embolism — which may or may not have been the case — but she

glossed over the drug overdose part. I don't think either of us was surprised; surprised more by the fact that he had hung on this long.

Beyond fact and explanation lies the mystery of creation. The best artists make peace with this and do not question their inspiration or its expression. Rory was such an artist. He drew what he drew because that's what he drew. I didn't have his unwavering confidence. For too long I struggled with *what I did* versus how I thought I "should" draw. Analyzing held no interest for Rory — another way we differed.

Consider this: growing up in the same household, only eighteen months apart, having similar experiences, influenced by the same things, creating stories and characters together, our artistic expressions evolved in completely different ways, as individual as a signature or a thumbprint. I can't say why this is, any more than I can explain why I am gay and Rory was not. I do know that had we not had each other, had Rory or I been an only child, it's doubtful either of us would have become artists. We drew for each other, spurred each other on. Rory is still present, as he will always be, in every story I write, every line I draw. Ultimately they are all for him.

Unified (movie poster), 1979





# Rory Hayes Interview

# - 1973 -

## San Francisco Comic Book Company

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Could you describe your art work?

Well, it's whatever you get from it. What each individual interprets it as, that's fine with me. If they want to look at it as horror stuff or they want to look at it as beautiful stuff, that's up to them. I really can't describe it. I have a lot I want to say, but there's no way to explain it. If you get the message from it, you get it. If you don't, you don't. Whatever message you want to see in it. Some people really love it and some really hate it.

How would you describe *Cunt Comics*?

The way I describe *Cunt Comics* is like everyone has this weird shit in the back of their heads, which they're afraid to bring out. It's like secret fears. *Cunt Comics* was just throwing all that on paper. Just putting it all down uncensored. Everybody thinks it's weird and perverted. Whatever you want to call it is fine. And that's all it was. Expressing myself. It was just a relief. It was like coming, you know? Like getting laid. Like an orgasm.

Drawing is like having an orgasm?

That one was.

Do you draw much funny stuff?

There are several humorous pages in this book I'm doing. You just haven't seen them. I'll show you one example.

What book is this?

It's just a new book I'm doing. It's going to be a large book, like an art book on white paper. Not a comic. I'm really not into comics now. I used to be for a while, a couple of years. Right now, I'm into full-page drawings, telling a story in a full drawing, saying as much as I can. I don't want to be restricted by one form of expression.

Did you draw any posters?

I used to do my own homemade posters. Nothing professional.

What was the first thing you published?

*Bogeyman* came out three years ago. That's the first thing I did in pen and ink. The first serious thing. I drew like ten full books before that, when I was a kid.

What do you have against comix now?

I have no desire to do them. I don't identify with comix. I respect comics but I'm just not into them. That's why I don't want to be identified with them. I don't want that



a commercial trip, and that's not what it's about. They're using it like a stepping stone to commercial work. This is the means of getting the stuff out and having people look at it.

- Have you been drawing all your life?
- Since I was about nine or ten.

Did you go to art school?

About a year, one time. I dropped out. I thought I was washed up in art. They put me down so much. I started teaching myself. I feel that's the only way you can learn — is to teach yourself.

How do you like working in a comic shop?

I find this store a sort of a block for me, an interference with my system's abilities. It's necessary right now. I'm into survival.

How long have you worked here?

Three years. It's doing weird things with my head.

Do you draw every day?

Sometimes. Sometimes I just can't draw at all. My work moves around a lot. It changes very rapidly from one state to another. It has a lot to do with the way I live, the kind of environment, which is pretty strange.

Was LSD important to your work?

Petty important, I guess. It's had a big influence on my work lately. It's like a good release of energy at certain moments when you're ready for it, but it takes a long time to do anything. You have to know when the time is right. If I take it at certain times, I just can't do anything. It's really unpredictable.

What do you think about comic criticism?

I think criticism tends to destroy more than it does to help. There's too much criticism. If people would just look at something and see it for itself. People have a really bad habit of comparing. I can look at really poorly drawn stuff and see something there.

How long has the SF Comic Book Company been here?

Three years.

Did you open it?

I came here a few months after it opened and started working here. It's pretty unique.

Are you a comic fan or collector?

It's just business to me. Just survival.



reputation. I think it's getting very cluttered and overdone now. People are using underground comix as a means to ... People are not using it right. Like doing stuff to publicize themselves. And that's not what it's there for. I think it's there for meaningful expression. A lot of artists are into



**Q:** What would you do if you stopped working here?

**A:** I would draw all day. Right now, I'm trying to save up some money, so I can retire, so I can devote all my time to art. I would if I could. I've never had that opportunity before.

**Q:** Do you find drawing pleasurable?

**A:** Drawing is like therapy to me. There's nothing more beautiful than putting something down on paper. It's really a great feeling. I have to have my mind in a good state to do it. If I'm depressed I can't draw. I can, but it comes out really stunted. I've really got to feel it or else it can't come out. Some artists are really spontaneous. They can draw all day long continually, but I can't do that.

**Q:** What do you do to get into the right state?

**A:** It used to be drugs, but it's not any more. I do it naturally now. Chemicals are everywhere. Everything that got me high was a chemical. I just got really sick of it.

**Q:** What do you hope your readers will see in your work?

**A:** I want people to see a really personal experience, and at the same time, a really good feeling. There are two levels. It can be too personal, too into yourself and other people can't appreciate it, or it could be a universal experience where they really identify with it.

**Q:** Anything else you'd like to say?

**A:** Yeah. I'm not so much into words. When people ask me to talk about my work, it's hard for me. I just feel I don't need to talk about it. It's such a complete thing for me, when I do it, and I hope people will get that from it. ♦

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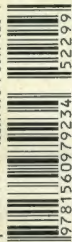
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Rory Hayes was a self-taught dynamo of the underground comics revolution. Lauded by such cartoonists as R. Crumb and Bill Griffith, he emerged as comics' most notorious modern primitive, drawing horror comics in a genuinely disturbing and hallucinatory way. He has influenced a generation of cartoonists from those who appeared in the seminal RAW to the Fox Thunder collective.

Where Demented Wanted is the first retrospective of Hayes' career and features the best of his underground comics as well as paintings, covers, and artifacts rarely seen by human eyes. It also serves as a biography and critique with a memoir of growing up with him by his brother, the illustrator Geoffrey Hayes, a biographical essay by Edward Pouncey, as well as a rare interview with Rory Hayes himself.

